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No. 339.

FLY, LITTLE BIRD!

BY F. X. HALIFAX.

Fly, little bird, across the fields,
Fly, little bird, unto your mate;
Find all the love a true heart yields,
Fly, little bird; the hour is late!

Fly, little bird, fly far away!
Fly, little bird, across the sea!
Fly, little bird, while yet 'tis day—
Fly, little bird, for you are free!

But, ever in your furthest flight,
Across the land, across the sea,
In brightest day, in darkest night,
My little birdie, think of me.

For I'll be sad when you are gone;
My heart will beat for you in pain;
Sweet be the breeze and bright the sun
That brings my birdie back again.

But now farewell, a long farewell;
Go, sing in some sweet tropic land;
Go, build your nest in some sweet dell,
Amid your faithful feathered band.

For freedom is a precious thing,
As dear to you as 'tis to me;
Fly, little bird, on swiftest wing—
Fly, little bird, for you are free!

Under the Surface: OR, MURDER WILL OUT. A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "MABEL VANE,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V. BEHIND THE SCENES.

The hours wore on and still the ball was kept up.

It was long after twelve o'clock when Dr. Ashe and Alice Ray left the platform over the parquette, and elbowing their way through the crowd toward the stage, finally reached that mythical, sacred region, known as "behind the scenes."

Slides, swings, curtains, sets, ropes, pulleys, and all the rough paraphernalia of scene-shifting was there. The place was a labyrinth in itself, and its dusky, dreary solitudes were but imperfectly lighted by a stray gas-jet here and there.

But Alice, leaning on the young physician's arm, walked confidently on.

Fred Ashe seemed suddenly serious—thinking, and slightly excited; but he was in nowise nervous.

At length they reached a side exit, and turning to the left, walked on a little way and seated themselves on a bench that chanced to be there. A single burner illuminated the quiet, secluded precincts. The cold north wind forced its way into the rear of the building, and blew raw and chilly along the passage-way, rattling the curtains and shaking the skeleton arras and tapestry into many a mournful creak.

Alice drew her opera-cloak about her shoulders, and crouched confidently and trustingly closer to her protector. The light from the single jet shone down full upon them, as they sat there all alone in that dreary portion of the large structure. It lit up the face and figure of both.

Alice Ray was a lovely girl—petite in form, yet sufficiently rounded and plump, her bare arms showing to a certain extent beneath the folds of the cloak which she had drawn over her shoulders. Her rich auburn hair rippled in the reflection of the light like waves of gold. The girl's face was that of an angel, so pure, so innocent, so artless, so heavenly fascinating and lovely. The gentle, softly curving mouth, the half-pale, half-rosy lips, slightly parted, showing the gleaming, pearly teeth within; the large blue eyes, dark like and winning in their tender glance; the broad, white forehead with the arching brows—all made a very pretty and pleasing picture to look upon, one to be hung up in the halls of memory, there to be loved and cherished.

Fred Ashe was not, strictly, what might be termed a handsome man. In size he was neither large nor small; but his figure was perfect—well-knit, muscular and erect. His face was dark and swarthy and almost concealed behind a full curling beard of a dark brown color. His hair was of the same hue, and was cut close to his head. But if the young doctor was not handsome, he certainly was not homely; for there was a tenderness about his rather sad face, a quiet, sympathetic look in his large black eyes, that won upon all. Along with this, there was a general independent expression of feature that gave him a very noble appearance.

"Are you cold, Miss Ray?" he asked, with some solicitude, as he saw her tighten her cloak around her.

"No—not too cold, doctor," she replied, cheerfully; "for I prefer almost anything to the stifled air in yonder crowded hall. I am glad we can get pure air, even if cold, here, doctor."

"Then you are not overfond of such scenes, such occasions as this?" asked the physician, quickly.

"No, indeed—once in a long while will do for me," was the quiet, earnest reply. "The truth is, I care but little for company; that is," she hastened to say, "such company as we see here to-night. There is so much thoughtlessness, so much giddiness and triviality, that I



Neither saw a tall, dark figure standing not twenty feet away, enveloped in the heavy shadows of the passage.

soon tire of it. Ah! yes," with a weary sigh, "on such times as this, I am inclined to think all men, and women, too, treacherous and insincere."

Fred Ashe pondered ere he answered; but as the words just spoken fell on his ear, a bright flush of pleasure, of downright joy, passed over his sober face.

"You are right, Miss Ray," he said, at length; "and yet you are not altogether right. This I readily grant, that many men are insincere, yet I cannot admit that all are so. Moreover, I have more faith in women—in certain ones."

He looked at her straight in the face; his gaze was ardent and significant.

But Alice Ray did not change color under that steady look. She returned his gaze frankly as she replied:

"Yes, I was wrong, doctor; there are two men in this world, besides my dear father, whom I could unhesitatingly trust; and she still gazed innocently in the young man's face. And those two, Miss Ray?" asked the physician, almost in a whisper, as he leaned toward her.

"Clinton Craig and—"

She hesitated and bent her head.

"Yes, Clinton Craig; and the other?" persisted the young man, as he started and frowned slightly.

"And Doctor Fred Ashe," was the half-hesitating reply.

A shade flashed over the young physician's face, as, for a moment, he bowed his head and mused. But with that shade, there was an expression of something bright, as of a flitting hope, a mad, yearning ambition, a half-triumph.

"And so you would trust my friend, Mr. Craig, Miss Ray?" he asked, slowly.

"With my very life!" was the prompt, impulsive reply.

Fred Ashe started, and his brow wrinkled into an ominous frown. But he said:

"Clinton Craig is well worthy your trust; yet—yet—there are times when—"

"When what, doctor?" asked the fair-faced maiden, somewhat anxiously.

"Perhaps—nothing, Miss Ray; but—"

"But, again! What is it, doctor? Do tell me!" and she gazed at him unflinchingly, though there was an anxious expression upon her face.

"Well, Clinton Craig is a trusty, noble-hearted man, one who would scorn to stoop to a low action, and—why Minerva Clayton is a very beautiful and fascinating woman," was the strange reply.

For a moment a shiver shook Alice Ray's slender form, and a flitting look of pain rested upon her features. But looking up again, she said, calmly:

"Granted, doctor; but that latter fact does not affect Mr. Craig and his uprightness, his nobleness of nature."

"True; it does not. But I do not like that woman, Miss Ray—I have no fancy for Minerva Clayton."

The young man spoke earnestly.

"Nor do I!" was the sudden and somewhat vehement reply. "Yet," she continued, as if she was ashamed of her hastiness and self-committal, "I have, after all, no reason for my dislike; the young lady has never harmed me."

"Nor me; yet elegant and dazzling as she is,

she is a dangerous girl—ay! she is, as I know, deep and designing."

"Designing? How, and in what way, doctor?" asked Alice, quickly.

But Doctor Ashe did not answer at once. His face flushed viciously, and he turned his head away.

Alice Ray, trembling and excited, continued to gaze at him.

"Perhaps I have spoken too freely, Miss Ray," said the young man, as his eyes once more sought hers. "I only meant—"

"Too freely, doctor? and with me?" and the maiden bit her red lip vexatiously. "Certainly you can trust me?"

"I do trust you, Miss Ray, else I had not spoken as I did; I only feared that I might have wronged the young lady. But, Miss Ray," and he hesitated. "can I trespass on your time and patience just a minute longer? The place is fitting; the opportunity good; for what I have to say, provided you will listen," and he looked at her earnestly with his large black eyes, "must not be heard by others."

Alice Ray was a very pure, innocent maiden—unsuspecting and as trusting as a girl of ten years; but she was a woman and could easily read men, when the subject that burdened their minds pertained to heart-matters. Her pale face flushed slightly at first, then beautifully crimson, as her eyes gazed into the dark, pleading orbs of the man who sat beside her. The maiden read the secret there, and for a single moment, an expression of joy rushed luminously over that innocent, baby face. But in an instant it was gone, and one of pain—almost of anguish, took its place. She simply bowed her pretty head and whispered, in a sweet voice:

"Speak on, doctor; I am listening. Speak on; perhaps it will be well. I'll heed what you say, and I will, sacredly, pre-empt your secret."

What did she mean?

Dr. Ashe was a man of iron nerve, as had already—more than once—been proved, in his young life, and as will be shown further in this eventful history; but he trembled now before that sweet-faced girl, before that mutely bowed head, with its mass of golden hair. But he bestirred himself.

"You have known me, Miss Ray," he began, in a low, but steady voice, "for a long time. I remember well when I, a boy of fifteen years, carried you over the brooks, and climbed the hills for you in search of pretty flowers. You were a little maiden of ten. Ah! well do I remember those times—so happy! And I often sit and dream lovingly over them; for they were joyous, brilliant, happy days to me! And, for me, alas! they have never come again!"

He paused and bent his head as if living again in the glad hours of the past.

And Alice Ray bent her soft, dove-like eyes upon him.

"I am entirely alone, Miss Ray," continued the young man, in the same soft tone—"entirely alone in the wide world—no father to advise me, no mother to—love me, no brother, no sister! Alone! alone! with only one friend—Clinton Craig! And yet my heart is large, and yearns for more. One word, Miss Ray," he continued, after a brief pause, "and you shall have my secret. I am well to do in this world's goods and chattels. I think that I am fairly honest, and," hesitating, "I am satisfied

on two points; I have an affectionate nature, and I love you, Alice—God alone knows how much."

The girl started violently and made a movement as if she would arise; but, before she could say or do anything, Fred Ashe gently restrained her as he continued:

"Do not be frightened, Alice; be calm. Think for a moment, and in that moment think well! Remember that never before have I told woman what but now I have spoken to you; for, before high heaven, my heart has never thrilled for other than you. Pity me, Alice; but speak your own pure soul right out to me, and tell me whether there is hope for me."

While he was giving utterance to these hot, impassioned words, he had gently taken her little hand in his; but that little hand was cold, clammy and trembling.

Hastily the young man looked in her face.

"Forgive me, Alice!" he exclaimed, in an earnest, yearning tone. "Oh! pardon me, if—"

Alice quietly raised her head and gazed at him steadily and confidently.

"You have done nothing to offend me in the least, my dear friend," she said, interrupting him. "Rest assured, doctor, that your kind words have thrilled me to the very heart. I have a high appreciation of the gift which you would lay at my feet. I value highly your good opinion and your friendship. But, doctor, I honor you too much to hold you in needless suspense. Oh! my dear friend, forgive me when I speak it: I do not love you as you deserve, and as you mean; I cannot be your wife. You know my secret—oh! I love another."

She impulsively clasped the young man's nervous, chilled hands in her own pinky palms.

And over those lily hands, with the tapering fairy fingers, the young physician bowed his dark face, with its richly curling beard. And the light of hope, of life itself, seemed gone from that face as the noble head went down.

A terrible shiver passed through the well-knit frame, a vague, uncertain tremor shook Fred Ashe like a sheaf of wind-blown barley; then he was calm and quiet again. Slowly he lifted his head; his almost bloodless face gradually regained its wonted hue; and when he spoke it was in his same old genial tones.

"Heaven bless you, Alice! heaven bless you for your kind words. The struggle is over, and the ambitious light that glowed in my heart has been extinguished, alas! forever; the fires of love will never again be kindled for mortal woman. To be your friend, your brother, Alice, is now all that I crave."

The maiden's eyes were suffused with hot, welling tears, and a stifled sob broke from her lips. She spoke no word.

"And now, Alice, trust me with your secret; trust me as a brother, and I will never fail you. I half suspect, nay almost know; yet from your own lips I would learn the truth: who is he to whom your young heart has gone out? Tell me, and my earnest prayers shall be for your happiness and his."

For a moment the trembling maiden cast down her eyes; she seemed to hesitate, to be almost afraid to speak. But, at last, frankly, naively, while the pearly tears still coursed down her peachy cheeks, she answered:

"I will trust you, doctor; I love—nay, I adore Clinton Craig! my Clinton!"

"Clinton Craig! Good heavens, Alice!" and the young man reeled back. "And, Minerva

Clayton! how can you—Ha! 'sh! some one comes. Quick, Alice; here—behind the scene. Quick. We'll wait until they pass."

In an instant the two had glided noiselessly behind the friendly screen on the opposite side of the passage.

Just then a couple slowly approached, arm-in-arm. One was an elegant-looking gentleman, the other a magnificent woman. They seated themselves upon the bench which had just been vacated.

But neither these two, nor those just gone, noted a tall, dark figure standing not twenty feet away, enveloped in the heavy shadows that lay along the passage.

CHAPTER VI. NIGHT-WHISPERINGS.

At this point we must go back a little way in our story, and follow the two mysterious walkers, whom we have seen skulking along over the snow-covered drives of Fairmount Park. It will be remembered that after briefly pausing under the gloomy arch of the Girard avenue bridge, they again braved the wind and storm, and pushed on around the huge rock, with its bold, hard face, standing up like some gray-walled giant of the night. They hurried around the neighboring bend and entered a low, unpretending house, situated almost on the water's edge.

That house—how long since gone—was well known some years ago, to all who passed up and down the Schuylkill. It was a frequent resort for boats-crews and their fair company. Many a carousal had taken place there, and drunken orgies had reached far into the night, swelling hoarse and riotous over the sleeping waters.

Every old house must have its dark tales; this was no exception to the rule. It too had its legends and its horrors. Yet, until ten o'clock in the evening, all was quiet and orderly, and the delicate suppers of "catfish and coffee"—one of the treats of Schuylkill life—were decorously served by the matronly proprietress and her tidy-looking serving-maids.

But it was after ten o'clock—in fact from that hour until the rosy dawn—that the noisy bacchanals were held, and the wild, sometimes terrible scenes were enacted.

The matronly proprietress was then a changed creature; her features would no longer wear the motherly, insinuating smile, and the sudden hardness of her tones told the true, rude, masculine character of the woman.

After that magic hour, the company, too, was changed; gallant youths with their red-cheeked sweethearts no longer frequented the warm, brilliantly-lighted little reception-room. The truth is that such company as this latter was never admitted at such an hour; the house, apparently, was shut to all. For those who had rowed on to the "Falls," on returning, would see no lights flashing from the windows of the old house, everything there was silenced in darkness, and no sound could be heard in that direction save the deep baying of a watchdog booming over the waters.

Yet there were those who asserted, with a mysterious air, that, on more than one occasion, they had seen a strange glimmer flash forth over the rippling river, at a late hour of a stormy night. More than that: they had heard shouts and rousing songs as if coming from some mad revelry, echoing in the dreamy solitude.

There were those, too, who frequented the house after ten o'clock—brawny-armed, rough-looking men—who went there stealthily on foot; and some went in rude, heavy boats. Those men came, and departed quietly; and they always brought or carried away packs. In their belts were stuck knives and pistols, and the fellows seemed watchful and suspicious.

Before day, however, all was quiet, and as still as the grave in the old house. Perhaps its occupants were wrapt in slumber.

Old Moll—her last name was known to none, save, perhaps, to herself—was a singular personage, one, at first view, prepossessing to such an degree that the gay-hearted young bachelors on the river knew her familiarly, almost affectionately, as Mother Moll; but at other times, and under other circumstances, and to other of her acquaintances, she was known by another name.

In due time the reader will learn that other name—and whether or not it was deserved.

To resume: the two men disappeared in the gloom of a narrow passage-way. But they paused to shake the snow from their garments and feet.

"Glad we're under cover, Algy, my boy!" muttered one of the fellows, kicking his heavy boots against the rude flooring.

"And I; but what keeps the old woman? She must know that after such a tramp, we must be half frozen."

"Bloody Moll doesn't care a button for that! She's independent of us, Algy. But—yes; here she comes at last, and—No; that is a man's walk."

The two crouched close against the damp wall, as the door at the end of the passage was gently opened and closed, and a tall, heavy figure suddenly loomed up in the uncertain spectral haze flung into the dark place by the glimmering snow. The prowlers scarcely breathed, but clung close to the wall, as the man strode hurriedly and boldly out into the open air. As could be indistinctly seen, he was clothed coarsely, his gigantic person being wrapped in a common, cheap blanket. A mo-

ment later his firm footfall, crunching in the crusty snow, had died away.

"That was Black Ben, Algy," whispered the man called Tom. "I knew his figure, his walk. What the deuce is the fellow doing here?"

"At the old business—ours, Tom, or worse! I don't like the villain; he would chop my throat or yours for a quarter-dollar. We must keep our eyes on that man; he watches us. Perhaps we'll come out of the game even and square. But Moll—confound the old witch! Is getting impudent; she gives us cold comfort!"

"Ay! Bloody Moll knows that your money is out—half back against you, that's all, Algy."

"The old hag! But I'll have money; yes, I swear I'll have it. However, kick on that door, Tom; maybe that will stir up the old beldame."

Tom did as directed; he applied his coarse boot vigorously to the stout oaken panel—and again and again. At last shuffling feet were heard inside. Then the well-barred door was cautiously opened; but it was almost immediately fastened with a large check chain.

"Who are you, and what's your business?" asked a rough, masculine voice in a hoarse growl.

"By Jove! that's cool, Moll!" answered the tall man, shaking the door vexatiously. "Certainly you were expecting us. Let us in, my beauty; we are already half frost-bit."

"Ah! 'tis you, captain, and your shadow, the squint-eye! Ha! ha! But come in; I had not forgotten you."

As she spoke she opened the door, at the same time springing on the light of a small bull's-eye night lantern. The rays fell upon the woman's figure. She was a large, coarse-looking creature, dressed in a very slipshod style. Her head was capless and bare, her thin iron-gray locks flaunting about her head in the wind-blasts that swept rudely in.

The light likewise revealed a huge naked knife thrust into a wide belt of soft chamois skin, strapped around her portly waist.

"None of your compliments, Moll," muttered Tom, after a pause, as he entered the doorway.

"You may some day make free an inch or so too much with me. Then you know there'd be a chance of your taking a cold, that's all!"

He spoke gruffly and half menacingly.

"Ha! ha! man; I did but joke," laughed the brawny woman. "But hark, my child, and she sunk her voice to a whisper as she placed her lips to the fellow's ear, 'old Moll knows secrets! But supposing she didn't, why are a wisp of straw under this muscle! only a cabbage-head under this knife!'"

As she growled these words, she bent her herculean right arm, making the flexen muscles swell grandly under the loose sleeve, while she pointed grimly to the knife in her girdle.

As she growled these words, she bent her herculean right arm, making the flexen muscles swell grandly under the loose sleeve, while she pointed grimly to the knife in her girdle.

Jem started slightly; but he quickly recovered himself.

"I know you, Moll—and your power," he muttered. "But I allow that you know me, too; don't forget it. However, we'll not quarrel; let's be friends, old girl."

"Agreed," answered the woman, readily, with a chuckle, as she turned away toward a narrow staircase leading up into the house.

"Go ahead—go first, captain, and you, Jem; you know my rule," she said, decidedly, as she paused and pointed the way.

"Suspicious still, Moll! Certainly you can trust us," said the captain.

"Suspicious? Yes, I am. I wouldn't trust myself—if I had money! Go on, now; 'tis getting a trifle late."

The men hesitated no longer; they approached the stairs at once. As the captain put his foot on the lowest step he suddenly turned, and, locking the woman straight in the face, asked, sternly:

"What was Black Ben doing here, Moll?"

The woman was somewhat startled at first; but she soon rallied, and answered, defiantly:

"On his own business; and that's none of yours, captain."

"Nay, nay; that answer 'll not do, Moll," said the other, firmly. "Let me impress it upon you that I am not to be trifled with. What business brought Black Ben here? He is no friend to me, and I trust him only when I can see him, and can cover his heart with a pistol. Tell me the truth, Moll."

The woman was evidently nervous as the tall, black-bearded man towered almost threateningly above her.

"I'll speak the truth; but don't force me, captain!" she replied, sternly. "Black Ben came here to bring prog. Before Heaven, that's all! You know, there are a few canals yot on the river."

"Yes; all right, Moll; we'll believe you. Come, Jem; we must have our little talk, and be quick with it, too. You know I have other business—in town—yet."

Without another word the three ascended the stairs. The men paused on the landing above, by a room door.

"Now you can go to bed, and sleep well, Moll," said the captain, significantly. "Here is another dollar, and—good-night; we will lock up when we go."

The woman turned at once, and ascended another staircase leading to the second story. She answered not a word.

The men entered the room, closed the door securely and struck a light. The furniture of that apartment, strange to say, was elegant in the extreme; velvet sofas, rosewood chairs, bookcases containing choice volumes, a rich Turkey carpet that would have done honor to the Girard House, and a center-table of ornate, on which stood backgammon boards, and chessmen of cunning workmanship, were to be seen there. No painting or engraving, however, adorned the plain, bare walls; and no curtains were hung before the narrow window—only one, and that looking out over the river.

There was one striking peculiarity about the room. Outside of the single window was another; it was made of sheet-iron, and between the outside ordinary and the inside extraordinary window bars of iron, only an inch apart, descended from the heavy sill above. These bars were down now, and both windows closed.

"Old Moll is cautious!" muttered the captain, as he threw aside his heavy overcoat and stretched his sinewy limbs, as if glad of the comfort around him.

This man, who has already been so long before the reader, was a tall, fine-looking fellow, with a dark, tanned face, and a thick, curling, glossy beard. His eyes were large and lustrous; yet they condemned him; for from them shone the restless fires of a treacherous and desperate nature.

His companion was a much shorter man, powerfully built, with broad shoulders and long, muscular arms. His face was a riddle; it was difficult to read the tale it told—whether the fellow was courageous or craven, whether he was innocent or crime-stained. That face was broad and sensual, yet it was almost entirely concealed by a rough red beard, growing profusely, even up to his eyes. These eyes were crossed, or asquint; and they gave the

doubtful, puzzling appearance to his countenance.

"Yes, the old woman is cautious, Algy," he answered, casting his coarse overcoat upon one of the rich sofas; "and she has reason to be. Suppose, as we do, Algy," he continued, in a lower voice, "that everybody knew what this old rat-nest hides—the piles of gold, and—"

"Sh! sh! Jem; none of that. You must not speak of what you don't know," interrupted the other, looking at his companion with a meaning glance.

"Exactly, Algy; we know nothing of Bloody Moll—perhaps! But she, good soul, serves our purpose, and we must use her."

"Or, be assured, she'll use us, Jem," returned the captain, earnestly. "I sometimes distrust her; for woman is woman, the world over, and, as woman, is weak."

"True as preaching, Algy! And this old minx holds little secrets of ours."

"Well, well, Jem, we'll keep our eyes open. And who can tell the ending of all this? Yes, who?"

"Neither of us can, Algy; that's certain; though we may live to see it."

The last words were uttered in a low, deep tone.

For a moment there was a pause. But suddenly the captain exclaimed, as if he had been dreaming:

"I forgot something. Here, Jem, go down to the cellar and get a pitcher of ale—also some crackers and cheese; I feel tired and faint. Confound the old woman! She locks up the wine and brandy. And here—leave the score on the tap, Jem."

As he spoke, he tossed the man a few coins. Jem picked them up, and taking a large silver pitcher from a glittering sideboard in a corner of the room, turned toward the door.

As his hand rested on the knob, he turned his head quickly and cast a hurried, suspicious glance back at his companion.

But the captain's face was calm and imperturbable.

Jem opened the door and went out. He was standing now in a darkness that was almost impenetrable. But he did not hurry away. Carefully, adroitly, he moved a small block working in a groove in the door, and peered in. Still, however, the dark-bearded man who sat within by the table, moved not limb or muscle; he seemed to be pondering some weighty subject.

With a satisfied shrug, Jem softly descended the stairs in quest of the ale.

As soon as he had gone from the door, and his heavy footfall echoed on the stairs, the captain smiled grimly. That man had the eyes of a hawk, and the ears of a cat. He had noted the suspicious glance of his partner, had marked that his steps had paused outside of the door; he had heard them distinctly, too, when they had moved away.

His smile was, indeed, very grim.

"Jem is suspicious," he muttered, while his white teeth glistened behind his swart mustache. "He distrusts me; he knows that I hold him by the throat—that I stand between him and the unavailing of a terrible secret of the past. To offset this, he has scarcely nothing to— Yet, methinks, he has enough against me. Ah! Jem Walton, we are friends and allies, and we must serve one another; yet, how long, how long! But at bottom we are foes, and we are pitted against one another. I'll be on my guard with this man."

He drew a small repeating pistol from a side pocket, and raising the hammer to a half-cock, carefully examined the chambers of the weapon. Satisfied with his scrutiny, he thrust the firearm back into its hiding-place, and, arising, strode slowly around the room. He paused as he reached a corner of the apartment furthest from the door, and passed his ear cautiously along the wall. Again he paused—and very suddenly. Reaching his hand above his head, he pressed steadily on a particular portion of the hard, bare wall.

As if by magic, a section of the plastered surface, representing the space of two square feet, suddenly slid upward, leaving a black, yawning cavity. Up through this dark hole, the hoarse wash of rushing water echoed distinctly.

The man, with a slight shudder, drew back, and pressed again upon the wall. The section immediately glided down, and the dark secret—whatever it was—was shut out.

Just then steps sounded faintly on the stairway without, and, a moment later, the door was opened by Jem, who had returned with the ale and refreshments. But now the captain was striding meditatively up and down the room.

"Coarse fare, Jem!" he ejaculated, as, laughing low, he glanced at the crackers and cheese. "But we must be content with it—for a time, at least. After all, it gives energy and strength."

"I'll do now, Algy," answered his companion. "But it will be better when luck changes. Then you must not forget me."

"Never fear on that score," replied the captain, half sternly. "But the luck has not changed yet; don't forget that, too. Now to business. Fall to, Jem."

The men drew chairs by the table, and having emptied two large glasses, each, of the foaming beverage without breathing, commenced an immediate attack upon the bread and cheese. Then followed a low, hurried, and earnest conversation. At last there came a pause; but it was of short duration; for the captain looked up and said, while a dark frown overspread his face:

"It shall be so! I'll scruple at nothing! Minerva Clayton, haughty, heartless girl as she is, shall be mine. In my own way, I love the girl—love her for her beautiful person, for the glitter and show she'll make. She pretends to despise me now. Perhaps she does. If so, it is because I have no money. Ah! but she likes my homage and adoration well enough. And money! I'll have it, Jem Walton! I swear it. Ah! Clinton Craig, you are treading on dangerous ground when you stand between me and what belongs to me. I'll hesitate at nothing now, and—Ha!"

He stopped very abruptly, and rising slowly, darted like lightning to the door. A moment he had flung it open; and with the bound of a tiger he sprang upon some one outside.

"Aha! Bloody Moll!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse, angry whisper. "You are fond of eavesdropping. But you know not the man you are trifling with! Off with you! go to bed at once!" and he stamped his foot furiously.

"I heard some one in the cellar, and—"

"Stopped at this door to find out who it was!" sternly interrupted the man. "No, no! trifle not with me. Off—to your room at once!"

He spoke authoritatively.

"Begone! or you'll catch a severe cold uncommon quick," growled Jem, who had drawn near.

Without any reply the old woman turned obediently and went up-stairs.

The conference between the two plotters lasted only a few minutes longer. At a late hour they noiselessly left the house, having extinguished the lights, and took their way rapidly back toward the city.

As soon as they had gone, a dusky form emerged from the gloom of the passageway, and followed on behind them. For a brief moment he turned on the light of a dark-lantern to see how to fasten the door. But brief as was that moment, it was sufficient to reveal the hideous face and form of a negro of herculean proportions.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 338.)

SILENCE.

BY HENRI MONTCALE.

We sat beside the silent stream,
And earth and sky and all did seem
The furniture of some strange dream.

We watched the sunset flush and fade,
The shadows deepen into shade,
The twilight grow—yet still we stayed.

We made no sign, we spoke no word;
No leaf within the thicket stirred;
Only across the stream we heard

The plaintive night-call of the loon,
A perfect stillness we will prove
Flings 'cross the stream a long pontoon;

And from the shadows opposite
Across the path of silvery light
Stealthily march the hosts of night.

Oh, love, at such a time as this
Surely not one word needed is
To fill the measure of our bliss.

So each the other's lips shall seal
With burning kisses that reveal
But half the fervent love we feel.

And with our fingers interwove,
In perfect stillness we will prove
That hearts can tell their tale of love.

Though lips are dumb; and that away
The story that no words can say
The eyes may tell, the touch convey.

Little Volcano, THE BOY MINER; OR, The Pirates of the Placers.

A ROMANCE OF LIFE AMONG THE LAWLESS.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "PACIFIC
PETE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.
A DEED OF DARING.

"HANDS OFF!" snarled Long Tom, springing back and drawing a long, slender dagger from his bosom.

"Don't make a fool of yourself now," sharply cried the other, making no motion toward drawing a weapon. "One would think you were running a race with the hangman."

"I have no business with you. There's room enough for us both—you keep to your own trail and I will to mine. You have been watching me close, of late—I have seen it. Just take a friend's advice and hunt up some other business—it's not a healthy game you're trying to play."

"If you haven't been drinking more than usual this morning, your wits are turning sour, Long Tom," laughed the little man in gray, good-humoredly. "A game I may be playing, but not exactly against you. Still, if I were, you would have to brag pretty heavily before you bluffed Jack Hayes."

Long Tom slowly replaced his weapon, and stood looking at the man with curiously-mingled feelings. This, then, was the lately-appointed sheriff, concerning whose deeds of daring and wonderful exploits, many tongues had been busy ever since the troubles in Texas. His life as a Texas ranger and Indian fighter, no less than his life among the lawless of the mines, was familiar to nearly every Californian. The pride and reliance of honest men, the terror and scourge of criminals who were forced to admire even while they hated and feared him—such was Jack Hayes.

"Drop it, boys," cried Hayes, laughingly, as the diggers crowded eagerly around him with outstretched hands. "You'll have time enough to get acquainted with me before we say good-by."

Just now there's work to be done. First—some of you fellows take that Wolverine and stow him away where we can find him when he's wanted. They say he's rubbed out Little Cassino and Yazoo—not much loss, unless it is to our friend Long Tom, but it's time we put a stop to these muses—they have given Hard Luck a name that can be smelt for fifty miles. We'll rig up a court of justice, and give the whole outfit a chance. But now—there's to be a meeting to be held at the Dew Drop Inn. Some of you are wanted there—some are not. I'm going to stand at the door. Those whom I know clear through will pass me—all others will stay out. If any of these last feel themselves insulted, all they need do is to say as much, and after the show is over, I'll do my best to accommodate them. But they must wait. Any attempt to kick up a row while I'm engineering the machine, will be followed by a funeral, sure! That's all I've got to say."

This pointed speech was applauded to the echo. And probably no other man could have carried the matter through without there being more or less fault-finding if not something worse. But Hayes stood at the door of the Dew Drop Inn—the principal saloon of Hard Luck—and either admitted or refused such men as he chose, without any dispute or disturbance, saying, laughingly:

"I don't doubt but you're all square men, friends; but when I haven't known a man long enough to answer for him as I would for my brother, I've got to say no; so don't grow impatient, and your turn will come next time."

When some thirty were admitted, the doors were closed, and Jack Hayes seated himself upon the well-worn pine counter, and prepared for business.

"Gentlemen," he began, producing a couple of papers, "I have here my commission as sheriff, together with another authorizing me to raise a company of armed and mounted men for the purpose of bringing to justice one Joaquin Murietta and his followers, who are well known as outlaws, thieves and murderers. There is no need of my wasting time in detailing their crimes. It would take a month of Sundays for that. You all know that they have done enough to deserve death a thousand times over. And yet they run over the country as though they were the lords of creation, and we lower than the dirt beneath their feet. It is a burning shame—and I, for one, can never hold up my head as a man, until this disgrace is wiped out. In order to do this, I have called this meeting."

"In a few minutes I will call for volunteers, but remember I reserve the right to reject any or all whom I consider unfit for the work before us. By this I mean unsuited for the rough life we will have to lead, as those who can be employed better elsewhere. The pay will be one hundred dollars per month. Each man will furnish his own horse and weapons, but for any loss sustained in actual service will be repaid. A reward of five thousand dollars is offered for the head of Joaquin, three thousand

for that of Three-Fingered Jack, and five hundred for each member of his band, provided their connection can be proved.

"And now, gentlemen, before we go any further, my friend here—Jack Gabriel—has a word or two to say to you."

A tall, broad-shouldered, heavily bearded man, dressed in a flannel shirt and jeans trousers half-hidden inside heavy cowhide boots, limped forward, and was helped upon the counter by Hayes.

"Gentlemen," began Gabriel, brushing back a tangled shock of sandy hair, "I'm a plain, ignorant cuss, just from the cane-brakes of old Arkansas. I haven't got the gift of gab like the boss hyar—I kin read a trail better than a book, but I reckon you can understand what I'm goin' to say."

"I reckon you've heard tell of our little skirmish with Joaquin's gang t'other day. A blue-bellied Yankee tuck a fool notion he'd rake in that five thousand. He got up a gang—I was one. We run the varmints to airth—I kin show ye the place whar they uses. But when we got 'tithin smellin' distance, Yank he tuck tick to the stomach, an' wanted to crawl-fish. We jick kicked the cuss into a ditch, an' pitched in fer keeps. It's a nasty word—but we got licked clean out'n our boots. They was two to our one, an' they fit good—that much I will say. I got this cut—it runs from hip to knee—from Three-Fingers. Then Joaquin came at me, an' I hed to run; but not afore I told 'em I'd come an' see 'em ag'in. An' so I will, even if I go alone. Arkansas Jack never yit told a lie to n' enemy. That's all I've got to say."

"It's enough, boy Jack. We'll give you some advice for your cut before many days. The ball is moving now, and we won't let it stop until Joaquin and his gang of cutthroats is nothing more than a memory. Now, gentlemen, we will open the list. Form in a circle around those two tables, and come up one by one. Remember what I told you before. Some will be rejected, but not because they are other than true, trusted men. But I explained that before. Now then, Jack Gabriel, you c-me first."

One by one the men approached the counter, being closely questioned by Hayes, and if accepted was sworn in and their names put upon the list. Long Tom was the first one rejected, and from that on stood sullenly by, a sour look upon his handsome face.

The list was completed at last, and after cautioning each man to keep a close tongue in his head, and to hold himself in readiness to take the field at a minute's warning, Hayes requested them to join him in a bumper to the success of the Man-Hunters—after which the meeting was adjourned and the doors thrown open. Then Hayes fastened upon the door-post a printed notice, bearing the words:

"\$5,000 REWARD!"

followed by a full description of Joaquin Murietta, and signed by the governor of California.

Directly afterward Hayes proceeded to investigate the affray at Long Tom's gambling-house, in which one dealer had been killed outright, and another terribly pounded by Wolverine. Though the evidence was confused, enough was shown to prove that the gamblers, taking advantage of their master's absence, and the drunken condition of the miner, had put up a "brace game" on Wolverine, who had detected the foul play and terribly avenged it.

"Gentlemen," said Hayes, addressing the crowd; "as we haven't got a regular court here yet, our proceedings may be a little informal, but we'll try to keep on the right side, while doing justice to all. Little Cassino has gone where we have no jurisdiction. Yazoo has also got a lesson—still, as we must be square, even in gambling, I move that he be invited to choose some other location, as soon as he is able to travel, with a hint that it will be very unhealthy for him to return before Gabriel blows his horn. As for Wolverine—"

"They run a 'brace game' on me, boss—three thousand dollars' worth—ain't that enough for once?" muttered the prisoner.

"You shall have every cent of it back," interrupted Long Tom. "I don't make my money in that way. Sheriff, as this man was robbed in my house, by men in my employ, during my absence, I request that he be set free without penalty."

"That's no more than I expected you would say, friend. But wait a moment. Now, Wolverine, be honest, would you have went in quite so heavy if you hadn't been drunk?"

"'Twas the whisky, boss—'twas the whisky," said the miner. "I don't reckon I knowed what I was doin'!"

"Then the whisky must be punished for kicking up such a row. Shut up—I'm running this outfit—and my sentence is that the prisoner must go and hold his head under the pump while some one plays on the pump-handle until even the smell of whisky is drowned."

This sentence was hailed with cheers, and knowing that any resistance would only increase his punishment, Wolverine submitted with as good grace as might have been expected.

Among the spectators of the ducking was a horseman with gray hair and beard, ragged and dirty, seemingly decrepit and feeble. No one noticed him in the excitement of the moment, but his eyes roved quickly over the crowd, resting longest on the face of Hayes.

When Wolverine was half drowned Hayes bade them let him loose, and then removed his handcuffs. While this was going on the ragged horseman passed on to the saloon, and in a feeble tone called for some liquor. While drinking it he read the notice posted before him without the change of a muscle. Paying for the liquor, he took out a pencil and scribbled a line beneath the signature, then drove a knife deep into the pine through the paper, at the same time uttering, in a loud tone:

"TEARING OFF FALSE HAIR AND BEARD, he thundered down the street, firing shot after shot into the yelling crowd behind. Instant pursuit was made, led by Jack Hayes.

CHAPTER XIV.
"THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE."

"PLEASE manage your dinner so as to remain in the room after the rest have gone—I will explain then."

The boy miner's cheek flushed hotly, and a vivid light filled his blue eyes as he passed on, reaching his accustomed seat more through instinct than reason. The whole room and its occupants seemed to be dancing a dizzy reel, and it was only when Chough Lee placed his dinner before him that he recovered himself, and could remember just what had occurred.

He had entered the dining-room, as customary, stopping to hand Mary Morton gold for his dinner. While she was making change she whispered the order recorded above, then turned hastily aside to wait upon another customer.

During the greater portion of the time since his first arrival at Hard Luck, Little Volcano had been kept too busy for indulging in day-

"A fact. The words he wrote upon the placard were, 'I will give ten thousand' to which he signed his name.

dreams, though he had never forgotten the fair maiden whom he had so luckily been able to assist; and, almost unconsciously to himself, the impression Mary Morton then made upon him deepened and strengthened with each day, until it would require but a very slight impulse to send him over head and ears in love. Thus it was, when he received that softly whispered invitation, that he attached, perhaps, a more serious meaning to it than the girl intended.

Since the day Zimri Coon had used Sleepy George as "grizzly bear bait," and afterward caught him—as he firmly believed—listening to them from ambush, while Little Volcano was telling the story of the outlaw placer, and sent him off with a flea in his ear, there had been a good deal of strategy going on. Returning to Hard Luck, by Coon's advice, the boy miner publicly announced that he had lost a written paper, offering two hundred dollars reward for its recovery. This was to throw Sleepy George off the trail, in case he had heard their comments on the placer, and to give it color, as well as to make sure that the bumper should not slip off to have a search for the placer on his own account, the partners never both left the town at the same time. Little Volcano was one of the spectators to the bold exploit of Joaquin that Sunday, and perhaps he was the only one who did not fire a shot or start in pursuit of the daring outlaw; despite the intense excitement this fact was noticed and afterward commented upon. More than one evil, suspicious glance was given the boy miner; but he went his way unconscious of them—a fairer subject filled his mind.

One by one the diners finished their meal and dropped out, only a few of the more self-possessed daring to give more than a respectful glance at the fair doorkeeper; and those who did address her received no encouragement to pause for a chat. Mary was but little more at ease than the boy miner, nor did this agitation lessen as the last miner took his departure, leaving the young couple the sole occupants of the room.

With far more courage than it would have required for him to march up to the muzzle of a loaded pistol in an enemy's hand, Little Volcano arose and approached the tiny office, where, blushing deeply, with downcast eyes, Mary awaited him.

"You wished to speak with me, Miss Morton?"

Not as the words are printed here did he speak them—rather each one came out like drawing a tooth; but they answered the purpose by setting Mary more at ease, and breaking the ice.

"I did. You must have thought it strange of me—to speak to you in that way, but there was no other course open to— I looked for you yesterday, but you didn't come. I was writing a note when you came in, and would have sent it to you by Chough Lee. But perhaps I can tell you better as it is. Your life is in danger—"

"That is nothing very terrible," laughed little Volcano, as Mary faltered. "So it has been nearly every day these three years back. Yet I thank you very much for taking even the slightest interest—"

"You and your friend, Mr. Coon, risked your lives for a perfect stranger—is not that a sufficient excuse?" softly uttered the maiden.

"You have never given me a chance to thank you for that, but, believe me, I am grateful—"

"I would do a thousand times as much just for one kind word—" impetuously began the boy miner, but, as if his ardor frightened her, Mary resumed the almost forgotten subject.

"Please listen to me—and believe what I say, even if I cannot tell you just how I came by the knowledge. Your life is in great danger. It is rumored that you have possession of a paper giving full directions how to find an enormously rich placer of gold—though you pretend it is lost. Some men—I only know the name of one, that ugly man known as Sleepy George—have resolved to win your secret, even if they have to murder you for it. They are dogging you night and day, hoping to learn where you keep the paper. But they are growing impatient, and have resolved to kill you and take the chances of finding it."

"I half suspected as much," said Little Volcano, with a light laugh. "We have been watching Sleepy George pretty closely for the last week, and the chances are that he will run into a hornet's nest the first time he shows his hand. But that does not lessen my debt to you—the idea of you taking so much trouble on my account—it almost makes me ashamed of myself—and yet I would rather have your interest and good will than all the gold in California!"

"You have more than earned it—only for you that day—"

Sitting cross-legged upon one of the dining-tables, a sleepy smile upon his yellow face, going through the pantomime of clapping his hands in noiseless delight, the sole spectator of this little tableau—was the Celestial, Chong Lee. And possibly he might be sitting there unto this day enjoying the love-scene, had not his pantomime went so far as to overbalance him, and the noise made by his clattering wooden-soled shoes upon the floor as he rolled from the table, awakened the young couple from their brief dream of love.

"Remember—for my sake, be cautious," murmured Mary, then slipped away from the boy miner's arms and quickly disappeared.

Little Volcano remained watching the doorway through which she had vanished, until a low, oily chuckle aroused him, to find the little Celestial beside him, a benevolent grin upon his flat countenance, otherwise as expressionless as a piece of highly-smoked dough.

"Now, John," said Little Volcano, in a slow, distinct tone, at the same time placing a little bag of dust in Chong Lee's hand, "you have been sleeping all this time—and what you dreamed you had better forget. If you talk, I'll cut off your pigtail, and then you'll never see China-heaven."

"Chong Lee savey—/lu bet!" gracefully replied the Celestial.

Little Volcano lingered around the hotel for a while, in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of Mary, then strode away and up the hills. He wanted to be alone—to recall each word and look of his charmer—to realize the blissful truth that she was his and his alone, by her own confession. And lying beneath the huge redwood, with the fragrant azaleas around him, he dreamed away the rest of the day, little recking of all the plotting and scheming going on in the town below, of which he was the center—and as little suspecting what a crushing blow was even then awaiting him. Though the sky seemed all light and joy, peaceful and happy, a cloud was creeping up, growing larger and spreading wider until it should envelop and swallow him up—and he dreamed on.

Night came, and he hastened down to supper. Mary was there, but only a quick glance could they interchange, in that rough crowd. Dallying with his food, the boy miner waited for the boarders to disperse, but before that occurred, he saw Mary leave the room and Mrs. Champion take her place. Nor did Mary return, though he waited until the last. Down-hearted, he was forced to depart—going, though ignorantly, to his fate. Strolling aimlessly along, he soon found himself beside the spring which served to furnish the Miner's Rest with water. Not feeling in the mood for society, even that of Zimri Coon, Little Volcano stretched himself upon the soft grass beside the murmuring waters.

How long he lay there, he never knew. The sound of voices aroused him. Glancing up he saw, partially in the shadow, partly in the moonlight, two figures—a man and a woman. God! what a bitter pang pierced his heart as he recognized Mary Morton, her hands upon the man's shoulder, his arm wound around her lithe waist! He lay like one in a trance. He strove to arise—to cry out; but in vain. A superior will held him there, helpless as a babe, to be tortured as only they can be who love with all their soul; to see the tall man stoop and press his lips upon the fair, upturned face—to see the caress returned—to catch the indistinct sounds of low, loving words. All this he saw—and then, like a madman, he sprang erect, uttering a hoarse, inarticulate cry, as he darted forward, revolver in hand.

But there was no one to confront him. Like a vision of night the figures faded away, leaving no trace behind—leaving him alone in his mad despair.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 335.)

SUN AND STORM.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

One day my boat set out to sea
And floated—oh, so buoyantly!
Its happy freight was two; and I,
Untroubled by sorrow, knew no sigh,
Nor fancied love could ever die—
So fraught my heart with melody.

Oh, day-dream whence the young soul wakes
To find all things a mockery!
The summer sun sends solace sweet,
Yet on his track the wintry sleet—
The chill that chills the heart—
Drives, as it were, a demon's dart.
And boats no longer o'er the sea
Float buoyantly!

The Sword Hunters:

OR,
THE LAND OF THE ELEPHANT RIDERS.

A Sequel to "Lance and Lasso."

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITAKER,
AUTHOR OF "RED RAJAH," "IRISH CAPTAIN,"
"LANCE AND LASSO," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ENVOY.

THE moon shone down on the city of Lamphib about three nights later, and every street was brilliantly illuminated with colored lanterns, while the people crowded the squares, and the sound of music came from all quarters. Lamphib was rejoicing over the marriage of Queen Lalamina to the wonderful white stranger who had come from afar with the terrible fire weapons.

It was in the midst of this rejoicing that our three friends were gathered in the grand banquet hall of Queen Lalamina, the object of all the festivity.

Tom Bullard, metamorphosed into an Egyptian prince, was seated by Lalamina's side on the great white throne. Manuel sat on their right hand, and Curtis was on the left, while before them was spread the banquet table, which accommodated five hundred guests at a time, and which was now full of the great lords of Lamphib, met to do honor to their queen's bridal feast.

The feast was nearly over, and a number of beautiful girls were dancing in slow, graceful movements to the music of golden harps, when a young nobleman in glittering armor, the officer of the queen's guard, glided softly through the crowd of slaves beside the throne, and handed the queen a letter.

It was a great square packet of papyrus, and covered with the same sort of characters which one now sees on Egyptian monuments thousands of years old.

Queen Lalamina opened it, glanced over it, and handed it to Tom.

"Read, prince," she said, briefly, but her eye flashed and she looked as angry as only a queen used to absolute power can.

Tom gravely inspected the packet in silence.

He turned over the leaves and looked at a long array of pictures of birds, beasts and human figures, of which of course he could not understand the full meaning. Still, being, as we

have intimated, a sharp fellow, he made out a good deal of the general intention of the paper. At the head of the missive which excited Queen Lalamina's ire, was a great oval stamp, with the crowned head of a king in the center, surrounded with hieroglyphics. Tom had seen such seals in hundreds at Thebes and Memphis, and knew that they were called *cartouches*, being the names of the different kings who ordered certain inscriptions.

This cartouche was undoubtedly to tell who the letter came from. It was followed by some queer characters resembling men bowing, and then came the cartouche of Queen Lalamina herself, a very good profile likeness. Tom interpreted it to be, "King Somebody greets Queen Lalamina," and he was right.

What followed was not quite so clear, and you can see if you can make it out for yourself as Tom did. He interpreted it to Curtis and Manuel very readily.

"Look here, fellows," said Tom, "somebody wants our scalps. You see that fellow running. That's a messenger who's brought news. You see these three chaps on donkeys. That's us, and company. See the hats. Mr. Donohoo has heard about us. What's this next. Oh, Jack, by Jove, if it isn't Lalamina hugging me! So he's heard that, too. Then, see here. That's a club, I guess."

"No," said Manuel, smiling; "that's a scepter, the symbol of command. It means, I order you to do something. What is it he orders?"

Tom burst out laughing. "Oh, Wiseman, look! He wants to give us rats. See here. There's a fellow carrying our three heads, and there are our bodies being chucked into the river! That's plain enough, I reckon. He wants the queen to throw us into the river and send him our heads. That's what I call cool."

All this while the beautiful queen sat looking at Tom with a strange expression. Pride, anger and love seemed to be struggling in her mind with some gnawing anxiety and fear, and she looked at Tom, full of wonder at his coolness.

"Well," she said, when he turned round, smiling, "do you understand it, my lord?"

"I think so," said Tom, coolly. "Some king wants you to kill us, and send him our heads. Isn't that it?"

"Yes," she said, shuddering, and passing one arm around his neck as if to shield him from danger; "but he shall not touch my prince while Lalamina lives."

"Who is the old fellow?" asked Tom, carelessly. "He writes such a shocking bad hand I can't make out his name."

Lalamina looked round in a manner half-aprehensive.

"Do you not know? It is from the great Faron himself, the great Sheshouk, who rules all the Maimonides."

"Indeed?" said Tom, coolly. "Well, then, I suppose we shall have to fight, my love. That is, if you think you don't want to give us up."

"No, never!" said the queen, shuddering.

"If Lamphib must fall, I will fall with it; but my prince, my lion lord, shall only fall with me at his side."

"I see no need for any one falling, great queen," said Manuel, quietly. "With us to help you, the Faron may be beaten."

"Alas, you know him not," said the queen, sadly. "He can bring ten armies against our one, and five thousand elephants call him master."

"For all that," said Manuel, "we can beat him. How long will it be before he can attack us, if we fight?"

"In fifty days he would be before our walls."

"It is enough," said Manuel, calmly. "When we crossed the river, great queen, we promised to help you against your foes. Now is the time to redeem our promise. Make me your general; give me power to collect what I need, and to order your workmen, and I pledge you my word that when Sheshouk comes before these walls, it shall only be to his ruin. Will you trust me?"

The queen hesitated.

"Don't be afraid," said Tom, briskly. "I know old Wiseman, and we all do as he says. Only let me lead your cavalry, when the battle comes. We can beat the Faron all to pieces in one day."

Lalamina listened to Tom with sparkling eyes. She was wildly in love with her handsome young husband, and believed all he said, when Manuel's grave promises had no effect.

She rose to her feet, and spoke in a loud tone to the nobles at the board. Instantly all rose in silence.

"Open the doors," cried the beautiful queen, in Arabic, so that her husband could understand her. The friends had found that Arabic was used in Lamphib by the upper classes, much as French is talked in England and America.

The Faron Sheshouk of Sorapis has sent us word to slay our guests," said Lalamina, in a clear, cutting voice. "Nobles of Lamphib, you know how he has ground us down for years with tribute, and how his insolent tax-gatherers have taken all our wealth to feed his luxury. Now he adds to this the insult of asking me to slay my lord and husband, and to give up our guests to be sacrificed in Sorapis. He little knew who these guests were! Nobles of Lamphib, who of you will support his queen? Shall we bow to the Faron forever? Let us be bold at last, for we have the strangers from afar to help us, and let us throw off the yoke of the Faron forever!"

A shout of applause announced that the nobles of Lamphib supported their queen; and then, in the very midst of the shout, a tall, handsome man, arrayed in magnificent robes, swept into the room at the open door, followed by a glittering train.

It was the Faron's envoy!

The haughty noble glanced carelessly round the room over which a great hawk had fallen at his entrance, and then moved slowly and proudly up the room to the foot of the throne. It was evident that he was used to being obeyed and feared, for he met none but timid, averted glances, as he stared contemptuously from side to side.

Manuel, who was watching the whole scene with great keenness, could see that the Lamphibians were used to being bullied, and that all their love for their queen could not hold them up against the moral effect of their ruler's presence in the person of the envoy.

Tom, who stood by Lalamina, could feel her tremble, and drew her arm through his own to support her.

Then the envoy approached the throne, and without any of the ordinary marks of reverence, for the first time looked up.

His eyes met those of the American new-made prince.

By a sudden inspiration it occurred to Tom that if he were to address the envoy he might break the spell that seemed to be gathering over everybody, and encourage them all.

As the thought crossed his mind, he gently placed Lalamina on her seat again, and standing alone before the envoy, met his haughty gaze with one fierce and menacing, as he said in Arabic:

"Whose dog are you to come into the pres-

ence of the king of Lamphib without prostrating yourself? Down on your face, or I will have you whipped with rods, for I am king here!"

The effect of this fierce address was astounding. The covering Lamphibian nobles drew an audible shivering breath, and started half up, staring at the envoy as if they expected to see him wither the speaker with a thunderbolt.

The envoy himself started back, divided between exasperation and blank amazement, almost choked with passion.

Then he recovered himself with a tremendous effort, and turned to his suite. Behind him were four gigantic negroes, each a perfect Hercules in muscular development, but totally unarmed, and naked save for a gold fringe round the waist. Our friends afterward learned that they were the Faron's executioners, whom it was death to resist.

The envoy spoke in Arabic, in low tones of intense passion:

"I will show you who I am. Seize the three strangers and this wretched woman who dares to disobey Sheshouk, the Faron."

The four executioners bowed to the earth before the envoy. Then each turned to a waiting slave behind, and took from him a pair of shackles, with which they were about to advance.

"Now, fellows," cried Tom, in English, drawing both his pistols, "this is your time to cow these niggers!"

In a moment Manuel and Jack Curtis had risen, a pistol in each hand.

"Drop those shackles and leave the room," said Tom sternly to the executioners, as they advanced.

He was answered by a hoarse laugh of scorn, as the huge fellows, not even hurrying their pace, came toward him. Evidently they were not used to being resisted, and had never seen a pistol before.

"One at a time," said Tom, coolly.

Then he leveled at the broad breast of the leader and shot him through the heart.

The sound of the shot caused a shriek of surprise from every one in the hall, save the followers of the Americans, who were gathered near the throne. Then on a sudden Abou Hassan rushed forward, crying in Arabic:

"Leave the dogs to me, white brothers!"

In a moment the Arab's sword flashed through the air and another executioner fell, cut in half at the waist. The other two, as if struck by lightning, uttered a howl of dismay, and fell prostrate before the throne.

But it would be hard to picture the face of the envoy as he saw the instant destruction which had overtaken the dreaded executioners of the Faron.

He glared round at his suite, where there were some twenty armed men, then at the amazed Lamphibian nobles, then at the bold strangers who had defied him to his face. There they stood, the dark, fierce Hamraus, the grinning Baboola, Saki, the stolid Egyptian servants and Mohammed the dragoman, all looking ready to meet him without fear, and waiting for the word. The hall was full of armed Lamphibian soldiers on guard, and it was evident he had no chance in a struggle.

By a great effort he controlled his rage and spoke to Queen Lalamina in the language of the Maimonides.

Before he had said three words Tom interrupted him in Arabic.

"Silence, dog. Will you dare address a king's wife in the king's presence? I am king of Lamphib. Speak to me."

At this Lalamina, who had been sitting shuddering beside him, spoke in a low tone of great relief:

"Yes, Rah Hotep, it is true. He is king now. I have given the kingdom to him."

Rah Hotep turned on the new prince proudly.

"It is well," he said, in Arabic. "I will speak to you, rebel and traitor. You have defied the Faron and insulted his envoy. Before fifty days have rolled away not one stone of Lamphib shall be left unturned, and you shall be impaled."

He was turning away, when Tom stepped down and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Tell your master," said Tom, fiercely, "that he is a dog and son of a dog. I am no subject of his, but a prince, come to take away his kingdom from him. Go."

The last words seemed to pierce the mask of pride which had sustained Rah Hotep so long, for his countenance fell.

There was a prophecy, as our friends afterward learned, that a stranger should overthrow the Faron and rule the Maimonides, some day.

Rah Hotep regained his composure in a moment.

"Dogs bark," he said, sententiously. "Lions roar. In fifty days the lions will roar you."

Then he signed to his suite and strode away, leaving the two dead executioners lying at the foot of the throne.

No sooner was he out of the room than Lalamina threw herself at her husband's feet, embracing his knees.

"You are my lion king, and I adore you," she said.

And all the nobles gave a great shout of joy, and crowded round to kiss the hands and feet of the white strangers who came to promise them freedom.

CHAPTER XXII.

PREPARATIONS.

A FEW weeks later Lamphib was in a flutter of excitement. Outside the walls a little army was mustering, and the Lion King, as our Tom was called now, was to lead it against the army of the Faron, which was coming from Sorapis, with the forces of fifteen cities, to overwhelm Lamphib.

Manuel had been hard at work during that time, assisted by Jack Curtis; for Tom had appointed him prime minister, and obeyed his counsel in everything. The lessons of superior civilization had borne great fruit among the already highly civilized Maimonides. Manuel found them to be skillful metal workers in brass, copper and iron; and at once set them to work to manufacture some cannon.

He knew that such fine work as muskets was beyond their reach in the time they had, but copper and brass castings were easily made. He soon had thirty or forty short, wide-mouthed pieces constructed and bored smooth. He concluded that these would be most effective against the heavy, dense bodies of troops which the Faron used, like the old Egyptians.

Carriages for these were easily constructed, and gunpowder was manufactured under Manuel's orders, the sulphur being taken from the crater of the extinct volcano they had noticed when entering the Hidden Country.

Cannon-balls were cast in abundance, but Manuel placed his great dependence on grape and canister, of which he had enough made to load five wagons for each gun.

While Manuel attended to the foundries it was Curtis' part to drill the Lamphibian soldiers with dummy pieces to the use of the cannon. As fast as a real one was turned out it was har-

nessed and drilled with, and the soldiers displayed as much delight as schoolboys at their new pieces.

But Manuel was careful not to let the secret of those weapons get out, for fear of warning the enemy, whom he knew to be ten to one in numbers. He and his friends mixed all the powder themselves, and only allowed the workmen to handle it when mixed, the mill being erected across the river from Lamphib. The quantity required was so great that it required extreme caution in handling, to prevent accidents.

Here our friends found their Egyptians and Arabs invaluable, they being used to firearms, and forming excellent instructors in the simpler maneuvers of artillery, which the quick-witted Lamphibians picked up very rapidly.

As for Tom, he was at work drilling the cavalry to rapid movements, and increasing its force. The friends concluded that, since they could only get together about twenty thousand men anyway, while the Faron mustered nearly two hundred thousand spears, it was best to keep their infantry in the city, and fight a battle outside the walls, with nothing but guns and horsemen, so that, if defeated, they could retreat without molestation from slow infantry, and trust to a siege to beat off the enemy.

And meanwhile, day and night, the people of Lamphib were turning out guns and shot, and filling their magazine with powder, till they had a train of twenty-four guns in the field, and a hundred more twice as large mounted on the ramparts.

And then at last, one glorious morning, the Lion King rode out of Lamphib, followed by a glittering group of officers, where Manuel bore the baton of general of the army, and Jack Curtis rode proudly in front of the clattering, rumbling train of artillery.

Queen Lalamina was near her husband, mounted on a splendid chariot; and the cavalry followed, divided into squadrons of a hundred each, and numbering nearly ten thousand horsemen.

The couriers from the frontiers had brought in news that the Faron's army was at hand, and that the nearest city, which had been friendly till then, had shut its gates and shot arrows at the couriers of Lalamina.

"Now, Wiseman," said Tom, gravely, as they rode at the head of the troops, "don't believe I'm such an ass as to think I know more than you, because I've married a queen. I want you to give all the orders, old boy, and I promise to obey them, because you know your business. All I want is to have the cavalry, and for you to tell me when to charge, and when to retreat."

"I'll tell you that now," said Manuel. "When I get them into confusion with the grape, then you sail in and cut them to pieces, but stop and come back when you hear me fire a single gun after a pause."

"All right, old fellow," said the Boy King, and away he galloped to the side of Lalamina's chariot.

The queen would not go back. She had determined to see the battle and share her husband's fate, whatever it was, and the Faron's army was within three hours' march of the head of the column.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

A DENSE column of dust in the distance announced the coming of the Faron's army, as Manuel gave the signal for the Lamphibians to halt.

The theater of the coming battle was a great green plain about four miles wide, and dotted over with clumps of great trees like a park, and which fed herds of giraffes and antelopes as tame as sheep. It was one of the great game preserves of the Faron himself, between the cities of Rametho and Bubaris, rivals of Lamphib, which stood at about twelve miles apart, the towers of Rametho plainly visible to the left at the edge of the plain.

"We couldn't get a better position than this," said Manuel, as Tom rode up to him to consult. "The Faron will probably attack in great masses, hoping to crush us by his weight, and these plains will enable us to maneuver our horse and inclose his flanks."

The little Lamphibian army was drawn up at the edge of a gentle hill that overlooked the plain and the artillery was brought to the front. It was divided into four batteries of six guns each, two being placed in front of the center and one on each wing, where Manuel and Jack Curtis commanded each a body of about two thousand cavalry, all lancers, clad in armor of chain-work. In the center was the new King of Lamphib, with Lalamina in her chariot beside him, and twelve guns looking grimly out on the foe, while behind him towered the solid squadrons of all the rest of the heavy horsemen.

There they stood, patiently waiting the coming of the enemy that was hidden by that great cloud of dust.

In front of the little army a number of light-armed horsemen, led by Abou Hassan and his brothers, were galloping out to meet and attack the enemy.

On they came, and soon, through the dust, they could see the gleam of armor, and presently a few scattering shots told that Abou Hassan and the few Egyptians were firing off their muskets. But it did not seem to have much effect on the enemy, as a fierce shout replied, and the handful of light horse came galloping in a moment later, pursued by a cloud of mounted archers shooting arrows.

It was only the sight of the glittering squadrons of the Lamphibians that checked the victorious Maimonides, who must have been at least three thousand strong; and they slowly and sullenly retired, after shooting a volley of arrows that fell short of their mark.

Manuel had forbidden a shot to be fired before he gave the signal, or the venturesome archers would have paid dear for that volley, for they had come within a hundred and fifty yards of the guns.

As the archers retired, they drew off to the right and left, and disclosed the head of a broad column of foot soldiers, with long lances and great square shields. These men came tramping steadily forward till within about two hundred yards, when they halted.

Manuel had ridden up to Tom, leaving his wing to the charge of Abou Hassan. When he saw the spearmen halt he smiled.

"If they'll only bring all their army up there," he observed, "I don't know that we need grumble, for they are just within range for our grape-shot to spread well."

"We mustn't let too many come on, though," said Tom, looking down the lines of his own guards. "The Faron's got a grist of men, and these Lamphibians are so used to thinking him irresistible that a very little will cow them. If those fellows gave a good yell and charged, it's my belief half our men would turn tail."

"We must encourage them, then," said Manuel. "Ask your wife to make them a speech. Tell them that we are only waiting to get the whole army together to blow them to pieces, and that we're afraid they'll all run away if we begin too soon."

"By Jove, not a bad idea," said Tom, heartily. "It takes you, old boy, to tell us what to do."

A few minutes later a loud cheer from the Lamphibians proclaimed that the news encouraged them in the very nick of time. And now Manuel sat on his swift onager in front of the line, steadily watching the enemy as body after body of spearmen, each arranged in a dense square mass, marched forward and ranged itself in grim silence beside the first phalanx. Manuel counted a hundred shields in front of one of these bodies, and as it turned to take its place in line its depth was equal to its front. Ten thousand men were in each of these great phalanxes, and eight of them came marching up and halted in front of the Lamphibians.

They looked terrible in their vast masses, and the long thin lines in which the Lamphibians were drawn up seemed quite useless to stop them when they chose to advance, but the Maimonides had halted without so much as a trumpet sound, and seemed to be waiting for something.

Manuel guessed what that something was. It was the presence of the Faron.

On came the huge masses of infantry, till twelve of them had halted, and still the slender lines of the Lamphibians stretched far to the right and left of them, for where the Maimonides had a hundred ranks the Lamphibians had only four, the rear ones some distance apart from the front.

Then was heard a great shouting in the rear, and a huge cloud of dust as a great mass of elephants came trotting up through a gap that had been left in the center of the Faron's line. In the very front, mounted on a gorgeous golden howdah, borne by two elephants harnessed side by side, sat a man with a long black beard. His body glittered all over with jewels, and his head was crowned with a plumed diadem.

"Now's your time, Tom! That's the Faron! Give it to him with the guns!" cried Manuel, as he shook his rein and galloped off down the line to give the signal.

It was not a moment too soon. The Faron was waving his scepter, the elephants were moving forward to crush everything beneath their feet, the spearmen raised a tremendous shout, clashing their spears and shields, and only two hundred yards divided the armies.

As Manuel galloped to his batteries he could see his cavalry was wavering, and that a feather might turn the scale. Then, there was a great crash, as the twelve guns of Tom's big battery, loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot, stones, pieces of waste copper, and all sort of rubbish, poured forth their deadly volley into the midst of the mass of elephants.

The effect was terrible. The whole crowd fell into confusion. The Faron's howdah was upset, and the monarch flung to the earth. With wild shrieks of pain and dismay, the frightened elephants recoiled and broke to the right and left, trampling down the men in the phalanx like insects. In another moment the batteries on the right and left wings opened their fire, tearing broad lanes through the helpless masses of infantry wedged in solid array.

The army of the Maimonides stood and wavered to and fro as if struck helpless. A moment later the terrible cannon began to fire singly as fast as the artillerymen could load them, and their fire was directed on the dense masses of infantry and the struggling elephants. Before the fire had lasted ten minutes, with a great wail of terror and dismay the whole of the vast array wavered to and fro, broke, and finally dispersed into a ruined, panic-stricken mass of fugitives, streaming over the plain.

Up comes Manuel to the new king at a gallop.

"Now's your time, Tom," he cried. "Charge and cut them to pieces, while I limber up and follow. Take the Faron if you can. He's worth all the rest."

"Ay, ay, old fellow."

A moment later the wave of horsemen swept forward, and the battle was no longer a battle but a rout and a massacre.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

THE history of our Sword Hunters is almost over. We might tell how the Faron of the Maimonides was taken prisoner, compelled to resign his crown, and how the other cities elected the Lion King, as Tom Bullard was now called, to be their new Faron.

Manuel and Jack were treated like princes, and might have married any one out of a dozen queens. But Manuel got tired of the country first after about two years. He had a fortune at home and longed to see his native land and be at home once more.

He and Jack finally agreed to leave together, and Bullard, the new Faron, loaded them with presents to take home. He preferred to stay, himself, more especially as he had two children, and didn't propose to leave a throne and go back to work for a living.

"Tell uncle John I'm all hunk," he said, in parting, "and if he'll come over here, I'll treat him like a king."

But uncle John never did come. He was dead when they reached America, and had left all his property to a girl whom he married at sixty. So Tom did a wise deed to stay in Africa.

Manuel and Jack crossed the Sahara and reached Algiers in safety. They both agreed never to disclose the mystery of the whereabouts of the Hidden Country, and they both kept their word. No one to this day knows where it is, but Manuel and Jack, who are now living in America and happily married, and it was from them that your friend who writes this learned the history of the Sword Hunters.

THE END.

HEART FROM HEART.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Give me your hand and let us part,
For parting is a pain at best;
Oh, 'tis anguish to know the heart
Must pine for aye and know no rest.

The pathos of your voice is sweet,
But on my ear falls like a knell.
My sadness, too, is now complete,
For you have said your last farewell.

Your eyes now brimming o'er with tears,
Show me that you foretaste the pain
That sorrow gives in coming years,
Through which we would not live again.

Here are your letters, I have mine;
You sent them to me yesterday.
The pang they gave can ne'er by time
Be healed, or wiped for aye away.

But to part with yours is taking
That which is more than life to me.
They gave joy, but now are breaking
My bleeding heart with agony.

Oh, how fondly in my day-dreams
I read their perfumed pages o'er,
With cheeks aglow and eyes whose beams
The love-light of their contents wore.

Each flower is there they once contained,
Pansies, forget-me-nots—the rose
You sent me last, my tears have rained
On, I forgot not to lose.

Take them, though I waver, falter,
For they are of your love a part.
Oh, my life, how it will alter,
For fate has torn us heart from heart!

The Men of '76.

WILLIAM, LORD STIRLING,
The American Patriot Earl.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, though American born, was the rightful inheritor of the Earldom of Stirling, in Scotland. Heirs to the earldom failing in Great Britain, he assumed the title, though he never authenticated his claims to the property, in legal form.

His father, James Alexander, having participated in the ill fortunes of "the Pretender," had to abandon the kingdom to escape arrest for high treason; so he took refuge in the colony of New York, in the year 1716. In a short period, by his family influence, he became Secretary of the Province, and being a man of fine attainments, soon obtained entrance in the colony, in whose political, social and intellectual progress he took the deepest interest. He was the correspondent with many of the men of science and learning in Great Britain; and was, with Franklin and others, founder of the American Philosophical Society. He married a widow, whose remarkable business talent had made her prominent in the commerce of New York and added largely to her wealth, so that William—born in New York in 1726—had every advantage of education the colony could bestow—the father himself being his tutor in the exact sciences. Early in life William became assistant to his mother; then her partner; and having obtained a contract to supply the army of General Shirley, operating against the savages on the Canadian border, he joined the commissariat of that army, but was soon added to Shirley's own staff, as aide-camp and private secretary. In this capacity he served for three campaigns, and thus learned much of military life, for which he betrayed great aptitude. When Shirley was recalled, charged with bad administration of affairs, his secretary went with him to London, and by his excellent exposition of accounts, correspondence and transactions, at his examination before the bar of the House of Commons (April, 1757), he relieved the general and won for himself a large circle of influential friends.

He then essayed to establish his claim to the earldom of Stirling, and did so in fact but had not done so fully in law and form, when he was recalled to America by the death of his mother, whose great property he inherited. Having, some years before, married the eldest daughter of Philip Livingston, by her he obtained a very large landed estate, so that he was, both by wealth, position, and education, one of the most influential men in the province.

Having succeeded his admirable father as surveyor-general of New Jersey, he pursued his profession and studies with zeal—attempting a large map of North America, making astronomical observations and tables, working to secure government aid and endowments to Kings (now Columbia) College, and, like his father, doing much to encourage the pursuits of science. His father having acquired and willed to him an extensive landed estate in West Jersey, he built a fine residence at Baskin Ridge, and it became his residence, where he, as one of the great proprietors of the colony, dispensed an almost princely hospitality.

Lord Stirling, from the incipient differences between crown and colonies, sustained the colonial cause, and when the offensive Stamp Act was proclaimed, immediately set the example, as proprietor, of dispensing with the stamped paper on contracts and conveyances without prejudice to validity and title. It was a defiance of the act, prompt and decisive. Then he worked for its repeal, and, using all his now great influence in Great Britain, did very much to secure its abolition.

His position of course made him a marked man, and when the crisis came the people of his county looked to him for counsel. He responded to the news from Lexington by immediately opening an office for recruits to a regiment, of which he was elected colonel; but Congress having named him to command one of the two regiments ordered in New Jersey for the Continental army, his transfer from the militia to the general service was accepted by most of his officers and recruits, and, after a hasty trip to Philadelphia, reported his regiment ready for the field, fully equipped. Taking position at Elizabeth, he gave ample protection to vessels driven thither by British cruisers.

In January the regiment was ordered to New York city; but, before going, performed an exploit that well indicated the spirit of the men. A British transport, well laden with stores and munitions for the British army in Boston, was reported as at Sandy Hook waiting for convoy. Stirling immediately proceeded to Perth Amboy, seized a pilot-boat, filled her with his men; three other small vessels were also pressed into service; he put to sea just as night fell, and found the transport twenty miles out, and before her single-shot gun could be brought to bear on the boarders, she was their prize. They brought her safely into Amboy, while the British ship of war Asia, and her tender, lay in full view at anchor just within the Narrows. For this act Congress passed one of its first votes of thanks, and, March 4th, he was commissioned brigadier-general—the commission being accompanied with a highly complimentary letter from the President of Congress.

Proceeding to New York, where Lee was in command, he was senior officer when Lee was sent to the South, and thus for a season held

chief command in New York city. The danger of a British occupancy of the city was felt by all, and Stirling acted with commendable resolution. Additional troops were called for from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, proper points in and around New York were fortified—soldiers and citizens working zealously together—and every means taken to secure the city from surprise or seizure. Washington wrote him from Cambridge: "The fate of this campaign, and of course the fate of America, depends on you and the army under your command, should the enemy attempt your quarter."

Lord Stirling, relieved for a short time of command in the city by his senior, Brig. Gen'l Thompson, proceeded to erect batteries at various surrounding and defensive points on the Jersey side, but soon returned to New York, again to take chief command—Thompson being ordered to the Canadian expedition.

How the American army, having driven the British from Boston, hastened to New York, we have recorded [see sketches of Washington, Putnam, and Greene]. Lord Stirling, in the assignment of commands for defending New York, took the American right of the entrenched works on Long Island, where it was supposed Sir William Howe would make his most vigorous assault.

General Grant—afterward so noted in the war—held the British left, with five thousand and disciplined troops—two brigades, one regiment of Highlanders, and two companies of New York "Provincials" (renegades and Tories, with which Long Island literally swarmed, and from whom the enemy received all necessary information). Stirling's force was only about two thousand—Maryland, Delaware, and Connecticut regiments, with Atlee's rifle corps and Kitchin's Pennsylvania musketeers as advance guard.

Grant's movement really was a feint to cover Howe's designs upon the east end of the American line, where Sullivan commanded. [See sketch of Sullivan.] This feint struck Atlee, early on the morning of Aug. 27th, and drove him in upon the Governor's road, when Stirling formed his line of battle, stretching from Governor's Bay to the Flatbush road—his center being on what is now known as Battle Hill, in Greenwood Cemetery. Of this center, composed of Maryland and Delaware men, he took command in person, planting on the hill two field-pieces, whose well-served fire, backed by Kitchin's riflemen, soon arrested Grant's apparent advance. For six hours very sharp line firing followed, and the feint was so fiercely pressed, that Putnam, in general field command, believed that Howe's design was to force the line at that point. This view of matters was confirmed by Grant's reception of two additional regiments, at ten o'clock, from the fleet; whereupon Stirling ordered forward all his reserves, to defend Battle Hill to the last extremity, before retiring behind Gowanus creek.

With the arrival of his reinforcements came the signal from Howe, far to the east (about eleven o'clock, A. M.)—two guns fired in rapid succession. It meant, "Grant, advance!" De Heister, with his Hessians, already had engaged Sullivan. Grant immediately dashed forward. Atlee's men, out on the skirmish line, were all (two hundred and thirty-five) killed or made prisoners. Then the Connecticut regiment, holding the Gowanus road, was literally overwhelmed. At the same time, the Hessians, having carried the Flatbush road, came streaming in on Stirling's left and rear, and pushed on to seize the old Cortelyou house, which commanded the Gowanus creek bridge.

The situation was indeed critical. His entire command was lost if he could not temporarily hold the enemy where they were. Acting quickly, he chose one-half of his regiment of young Marylanders—many of them mere boys—and ordering all else of his force to retreat over the adjacent swamp to and over the creek, he marched with his three hundred, literally into the jaws of death—down upon the enemy, at the Cortelyou house, to engage Cornwallis there while the flying men were making their way over the creek. It was a dread alternative, but, headed by Stirling, the Marylanders walked "into the breach" to save the others. Five charges were made from a protecting hill in a bend of the road, upon Cornwallis's position. Once the very cannoniers were shot or sabered at their guns by the Hessians on the hillside, until only a mere handful were left; then they could charge no more.

They had laid down their lives to save their comrades; this accomplished, the remnant dashed away for the creek. Stirling, mounting his horse, rode back along the hills until he came up with De Heister, to whom he delivered his sword. He would not surrender to an Englishman. Of the three hundred, two hundred and fifty-six never again answered the roll-call.

Stirling was treated with great respect and immediately conveyed to a vessel-of-war, where he met Sullivan and others—prisoners.

He was soon exchanged. Congress for his splendid action on the 27th, having promoted him to the Major-General's grade, he rejoined Washington's army in its sad retreat from New York, across New Jersey, was a participant, as well as in the operations in New Jersey in the winter (1776-7) after the gallant strokes at Trenton. His field services as advance guard, to watch and confront the enemy, were invaluable, and the numerous occasions, when his vigilance and pertinacious bravery gave the British a realizing sense of his efficiency, form exciting pages in the story of 1777.

When Howe was confronted by the American army at Brandywine creek, Stirling's division was assigned the American right and behaved with credit. [See account of this battle in sketches of Greene, Lafayette, Wayne and Sullivan.] Taking position above Philadelphia, Stirling's division was ever on the alert. It was the reserve in the brilliant battle of Germantown, and called into action near its close, behaved with splendid spirit.

Stirling was quartered at Reading during the winter of 1777-78. At his table the busybody, General Wilkinson, conveying dispatches from Gates to Congress, revealed something of the scheme hatching by Gates' friends to dispossess Washington of the chief command. This information Lord Stirling conveyed to the Commander-in-chief—much to Wilkinson's annoyance, for the revelation developed the full designs of the "Conway Cabal," and thus contributed to its defeat. Wilkinson's wounded honor impelled him to threaten to challenge Stirling, but a dignified note from his lordship satisfied his wounded sensibilities—especially as Stirling was quite willing to give him "satisfaction" of another kind, if he should ask for it.

In the almost disaster at Monmouth, occasioned by Lee's retreat [see sketches of Washington and Lafayette], Lord Stirling's division gave Cornwallis his first severe check; then Greene's division came in, with Knox's artillery, and Wayne's brigade, and the great battle of Monmouth was virtually won.

In the disposition that followed (1778) he was given the post of watchfulness at Elizabeth. Several daring exploits by his troops—the dash into Paulus Hook and the raid on Staten Island—attested his ready enterprise, and kept his enemy from marauds in New Jersey. In 1779 he removed with his division to Pompton, ready, on instant notice, to move north, to West Point, or upon the country below, if the enemy in New York city should move in either direction. In 1780 Stirling's command was not called upon for severe service, as the seat of war had moved to the South. He visited his ruined estate at Baskin Ridge only to find that in serving his country he had lost almost everything an enemy could destroy. In 1781 he was given command in the north, to confront St. Leger's invasion from Canada. St. Leger never got below Lake George. Then Stirling returned to take command in New Jersey, with headquarters at Philadelphia (1780-81). Again (1782) he went north to repel invasions from Canada, and though no hostilities ensued, it was an arduous season of watchfulness and work. Exposure brought on an attack of gout, from which he died, at Albany, January 16th, 1783.

News of Lord Stirling's death was everywhere received with deep regret. Washington's announcement of the event, to Congress, was in most appropriate terms, and the resolutions passed by Congress well expressed the high estimate which that august body placed upon his patriotism, services and sacrifices. Washington's letter of condolence to the widow was a touching utterance—reflecting high honor on the living chief and the soldier who died, "an honorable example of a man, counting nothing of value in comparison with the sacred maintenance of his principles, and sinking every selfish consideration in the one strong and controlling feeling of an ardent patriotism."

Black Eyes and Blue;

The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

CHAPTER XIX.

TOO LATE!

MR. REDMOND RHODES—a man eminently cautious, reserved, exclusive and haughty—began to feel that he had made a goose of himself at the very least, as he found himself alone in one of the two gloomy rooms he had been so rash as to take, more out of compassion for the little proprietress than because he any longer expected anything to come of it to the advantage of the unfortunate young lady who had appealed to him for assistance.

He had ordered a fire to be made in the ancient fireplace, and an extra wax taper or two to be placed on the shelf above it; so that he was not as dreary as he might have been; still the old place contrasted unfavorably with the gayly-furnished rooms of the grand hotel where he should have been.

"It is not often I get betrayed into an adventure so thoroughly Quixotic as this," he murmured, more than half-vexed, as he sat in a great chair, covered with moldy leather, before the small but cheerful fire. "If I am mistaken in my surmise I shall have made a most egregious fool of myself in telegraphing to Madame D'Eglantine. Why did I not ask the girl's name! Then I should not have been acting on an uncertainty."

"Poor thing! She asked me, in that note, for poison! Would I contrive to get her some! A most pitiful appeal! No wonder, after all, that I felt bound to follow and interfere in her behalf."

"What a face is hers!—so pure, so delicate, young and sweet. The most wonderfully lovely, seraphic face I ever saw!—not dark, vivid, glowing, enchanting like hers whom Fraser Harold married only to neglect, I fear—not a face like that, to dazzle and infatuate a man, to win him out of his cooler judgment and win him on to all sorts of rashness—not a face like little Florence's—but so sweet, spiritual. It would appeal to any man who was truly a man of honor and chivalry. So why should I be ashamed of the impulse which urged me to follow and try to help her! Heaven knows I would tramp the streets of this city all night if I had the faintest hope of obtaining a clue to her whereabouts."

He stared into the fire, seeing pictured there the appealing eyes which had turned to him that day—seeing the delicately-rounded chin, the rosy, trembling mouth, the peasant's dress, the little feet in the big shoes—thinking of the despairing request of the poor maiden, for poison to put an end to her innocent life, before it should be soiled by contact with that miserable old rone into whose arms an unnatural father was forcing her.

"I cannot sleep. I wish I knew what to do in her behalf," he muttered, rising to his feet, and walking up and down in front of the hearth in great agitation. "If it were my own sister I could hardly feel more concerned."

He pulled out his watch—the hands marked eleven.

At that moment a knock sounded at his door. He hastened to open it. The proprietress stood there, fidgeting, embarrassed.

"There is a lady wishes to see monsieur. I know not if it be proper—" the speaker was thrust aside and the peasant-girl of the boat stood before him, transformed into an elegant young lady, dressed in light silk, but hatless, gloves, with a traveling-shawl only thrown on over her rich dress—a young lady pale as she would be in her coffin, panting, wild-eyed, but struggling to keep up an appearance of calmness, lest this woman should say, with others, that she was mad.

"Sir!" she cried, addressing Redmond, quickly, "did you do what I asked of you? Have you the poison ready to give me? Ah, if you have it not!" shrinking and trembling, "go now, this moment—before it is too late—and bring it to me. You must not refuse me! I got away from them. But they will discover my absence in a few minutes and will overtake me."

"My dear child," answered Redmond, taking her two cold hands, "I dare not do what you ask of me. I should be *particeps criminis* to a murder. Impossible! But I will protect you, with my life if need be."

"You have no power. My own mother could not prevent my father from taking possession of me. How then can you? He will be here in a few minutes, and then I have the choice of marriage, in the morning, with that odious baronet, or of a life passed in some madhouse to which my mother will never be able to trace me. Death, surely, were preferable to either of these—why keep it from me? You are cruel—cruel!" and she burst into tears.

"No, I am not cruel. But I am not as excited as you are. Give me your name, address, something of your history; so that I can find your mother. Refuse to marry the baron.

Your father will find it impossible to hide you in a mad-house in a country so well-regulated as this. I will put your friends on the track—only give me their names—" he took out his tablets and waited for her to speak.

"My adopted father is Mr. Vernon of Lycurgus, New Hampshire; but he is now somewhere with my mother, who has a divorce from my father and goes by her own family name of D'Eglantine—the two are searching for me, I have no doubt—"

"Nor I!" exclaimed Mr. Rhodes, cheerfully, "they came over with me, in the Germania, landing three days ago. They are looking for you. I sent a telegram to Baden this evening to Madame D'Eglantine, saying that I believed you to be the daughter of whom she was in search, and to come on as quickly as possible. Still, she may not be in Baden; the message may not reach her. Yet it will comfort you to know that it cannot be many days before she overtakes you; and you have my assurance that you shall be immured in no asylum, or other dark place, without my knowledge. If I cannot protect your father doing as he pleases I can put detectives on his movements, so that his steps will be all known to your mother. So, now, my dear girl, be of good cheer; defy the hideous old baron; let your father persecute you as he may for it; he will be watched and not allowed to do you serious harm."

All this time the proprietress stood, glaring uneasily at the couple, unable to understand their language, but certain that something startling was transpiring, and afraid for the reputation of her old tumble-down house. Mr. Rhodes comprehended her trepidation. He realized, too, that this was no place for the young lady to remain over night, should it be that her father failed to look for her.

"Madame," said he to the woman, in French, "have you no quiet, respectable female friend with whom this young lady can take refuge for the night, without being compromised? I will answer for it that you are well paid for your trouble; and your friend, also. Money is no object. Mademoiselle desires to escape a suitor whom her father favors; you saw him—the ugly old baron?"

"Yes," said the proprietress, with a laugh, "tis no wonder mademoiselle flies from such a lover—ah, bah!" shrugging her shoulders. "I can provide her with lodging where she will be secure—but, monsieur must know it is not my business to get myself into trouble!" with another shrug.

"Tell her my mother will make her rich for life," murmured Violet, hastily, "if she will only promise—Oh, what is that?" and she began to scream and to run to the further end of the room.

Up the dim staircase, with a great flaring of lights, came the father, the ancient lover and two *gens d'armes*—enough, in all conscience, to secure one poor, trembling girl. The flame of the candles they bore flashed out over the weapons of the tall police-soldiers—over the suave, malicious smile on the parent's face, and the anxious little grin and frown on that of the old milord, whose whole wicked soul was stirred by the fear of losing a young, beautiful wife whose estates stretched far and broad under the sunny skies of France.

"This is the abductor of my daughter—arrest her!" commanded Ethan Goldsborough in his broken German, pointing to Mr. Rhodes; and the *gens d'armes* immediately laid a strong clasp on both of Redmond's arms.

In vain the prisoner expostulated and explained; the fellows had their orders from the chief, and dare not disobey them. A stranger, like Redmond, was at a terrible disadvantage with an enemy like Sir Israel, who had lived years in the country, who was known everywhere as a rich milord, and was familiar with all the processes of the law. He had managed the affair, and stood by, grinning, like the ancient Lucifer he was, while Mr. Rhodes strove to convince the men that they were all wrong—would be punished—that the consul of the port should know, say, the United States minister. These soldiers were but machines who did the bidding of others; they shook their heads gravely, said nothing, pulled and pushed their prisoner along; while the proprietress, all her sympathies reversed by the sight of the *gens d'armes*, wrung her hands, volubly urging her lodger to go peaceably, and not ruin a poor widow by quarreling in her house with the soldiers.

And so our fastidious Redmond Rhodes, who avoided everything sensational as he would avoid the small-pox, passed the remainder of the night in a dreary room of the city-prison.

He was angry and mortified.

"This pays me for meddling in other people's affairs!"

But his feeling of humiliation for himself was nothing compared with the anxiety, the positive wretchedness he felt in being hindered from doing anything for Miss D'Eglantine. Every moment of the night he saw the look of terror in her eyes when he was dragged away. He counted the hours, the minutes, until his miserable breakfast was brought to him. He had an appeal ready—scrawled on an old letter—to the United States consul, asking him to come immediately and interfere in his behalf; and this he gave to the attendant who brought his meal, accompanied by a gold piece which made the fellow's eyes glisten, and an order to have the message sent without delay.

He expected a visit from the consul within an hour—or two, at the furthest—for the references he had given as to his position at home were such that personage would not be apt to slight; but the whole morning crawled on at a snail's pace; noon came, with its dinner of bread and cabbage soup; but no consul. The jailer swore that the letter had been delivered; that the consul had promised to come immediately; that he had no idea why he had not kept his promise. The *truth* was that bribery had been at work outside, and the energetic appeal of the prisoner still reposed in the jailer's pocket.

"When shall I have my call to appear before the court, then?"

"Some time to-day; it cannot be long now." The whole day passed, darkness fell, and the prisoner had not been summoned before the civil authorities. Cool and well-governed as was the temper of Mr. Rhodes, he was in a fever of anger and despair by bedtime—anger for himself, despair for the lovely girl whom he had failed to help. How powerless she must be to resist the will of those two men, since he had so easily been trapped! His tortured imagination pictured her in two scenes, constantly—in one, she was the doomed bride of the grinning baronet—in the other, a corpse, slain by her own hand to escape that doom. The thought of Madame D'Eglantine added to his uneasiness.

And so the second sleepless night wore itself slowly away.

About ten o'clock of the second day his prison door opened, the *gens d'armes* waited to conduct him before the magistrate, where, as the complainants did not appear, there was no case against him, and he was soon dismissed. Mr. Rhodes knew his accusers would fail to appear; doubtless they were many miles from there be-

fore this—and their unhappy victim with them; as soon as he was free, he hurried to the consul's office to demand, indignantly, the reason for his letter having been neglected. He had just learned that it had never been received, when a lady walked into the office, and throwing her veil from her face, revealed the delicate, high-bred features of Madame D'Eglantine.

When she saw Mr. Rhodes she uttered a half-suppressed cry, rushed to him and wrung his hand.

"Where is Violet—where is my child?" she eagerly demanded.

"Alas! I would that I could inform you, Madame D'Eglantine! I am horribly afraid those villains have succeeded in making you and your daughter, miserable for life. You must hear this lady's story, and give us what aid you can," continued Redmond, turning to the consul, who very willingly listened to what they had to say, promising all the assistance in his power; but very dubious as to his power to afford any under the circumstances.

While the three were anxiously consulting together, a messenger came into the room, inquired for Monsieur Rhodes, and handed him a sealed envelope.

Redmond hastily tore it open; a slip of paper fell out. He picked it up, and read, written in a cramped, trembling hand, which he took to be that of the baronet's:

"If Monsieur Rhodes wishes to ease his mind let him consult the register in the church of St. Joseph's."

"They are married! That is what he means?" shrieked the unhappy mother. "Where is this church? Let us fly to it at once and put an end to this terrible suspense."

"Perhaps she is dead!" thought Redmond, but did not say it.

The consul hunted in the directory for the address of the church, while Mr. Rhodes called a carriage.

In five minutes he, with Madame D'Eglantine, pale as a corpse, silent as a corpse, beside him, was being driven rapidly in the direction of St. Joseph's.

It was a Protestant church; but the sexton was in the vestibule.

"Was there a marriage—or a funeral—in this church yesterday?" hastily inquired Redmond.

"There were two marriages and three funerals," answered the man, looking at him as if he doubted his sanity.

"May we look at the records?" was the next question, accompanied by a thrust into the sexton's hand of that key which unlocks most doors—the key of gold.

"Follow me," said the man, leading the way through the solemn aisles of the dim cathedral, and on into a small room to the right of the grand altar, where he opened a large book which lay on a high desk, and pointed to the last page of writing.

Redmond made way for the lady he conducted, who bent a moment, with white cheeks and strained eyes over the volume, then pointed with her finger, looked up into the kind face bending above her, with a glance of hopeless, dim misery, tried to murmur the words which her lips refused to form, and slid down to his feet, fainting under the shock.

He raised her on his arm, and looked at the page, where she had pointed—there was the register of the marriage of Violet Goldsborough, daughter of Ethan Goldsborough, of the United States, to Sir Israel Benjamin, baronet, of England. The signatures were appended—were authentic, beyond a doubt; he recognized both the cramped hand of the baronet, and the delicate, tremulous chirography of the girl who had written him the note on board the steamer.

CHAPTER XX.

"LIFE, LIVED AND OVER, IN HALF A YEAR."

"By Narcissus, Apollo, and all the other lovely youths of fable, that's a gloriously handsome boy who has attached himself to your service, Harold!" exclaimed one of the Englishmen of Fraser Harold's company, as they one day jogged along, under the red November sun of the misty and amethystine Indian summer, over an endless prairie, covered with the short, coarse buffalo-grass which gave food to the huge creatures of whom they were in pursuit. "A gloriously handsome boy! He reminds me of the pages who followed the knights in the old, romantic days of chivalry."

"Yes," answered Fraser, throwing a backward glance at the lad who rode behind him on a stout little mustang, whose proportions seemed in keeping with his small, slender rider, "he is an uncommonly pretty little chap. Not of much use, however. He begged so hard to be allowed to accompany us that I did not think it worth while to deny him. How such a flower of a boy happened to grow up in Kansas is a mystery. I did not believe he could keep up with us, riding all day as we do. I hope to take him safe back to his mother in Leavenworth."

"Mottled diamonds could be no brighter than his eyes! Wouldn't he be a heart-smasher among your Eastern girls?"

"His eyes remind me of my—of a young lady's in whom I was interested not long ago," said Fraser, and then he added, "Heigho!" and looked sentimental for a full minute.

"Perhaps that is the reason of your allowing him to follow you."

"Perhaps—yet, hardly. That little affair with the lady is off, you know; and once we let them go the more completely the better."

"Aw, certainly," responded the English swell; "it is cruel kindness to keep them dangling, you know—better cut the golden cord at one fell stroke. I've served too many that way," and he stroked his mutton-chops with one hand, the other being engaged with the rein.

Every word of this edifying conversation fell on the acute ears of the boy who rode a few paces behind. The speakers would have been astonished had they observed how it affected him.

At first a deep flush had mounted into his swarthy cheeks; this was followed by a livid paleness as Harold spoke lightly of the "affair being off;" a glow, like that of a dagger in the sun, leaped into his black eyes at the remaining sentences.

He was, indeed, a handsome boy, looking about fifteen, but small for his age—slight, graceful; with crisp little black curls all over his head, small features, fine, dark, expressive eyes, and a smooth skin almost as copper-colored as an Indian's.

He had silver spurs on his boots, wore blue leggings, fringed and embroidered; a blue waist bound about the waist with a long military sash wound two or three times around; and a hat with a broad band about it, and a wide, slouching brim to keep off sun and rain. There was a knife in his belt, but no pistols; nor did he carry the rifle like every other member of the party.

He had avowed his ignorance of the plains and of hunting when asked to be taken along; declaring that he had a passion for a wild life, and wanted to take his first lesson.

A SHOE BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

An old shoe lying on the ground!
There have been trophies greater,
And yet what fancies weave around
A woman's cast-off garter!
With sentiment that wore-out shoe
A rhyme's soul encumbers,
Who gazes at a number two?
Most musical of numbers!

A wayside waif that would not win
A passing observation,
Yet stirs a poet's heart within
With strange infatuation!
Was it some maiden butterfly
With winsome look and feather
Who sprang from out, and then cast by,
This chrysalis of leather?

Did that shoe tread in fashion's halls,
Or trip the dance's measure,
Light following to the prompter's calls
While new and full of pressure?
And was she beautiful and fair—
A dear and winning creature—
Who entered church with welcome there?
Or was this sole a screecher?

How full this shoe of wondrous thought,
Though holes are in it plenty!
The foot that wore this garter out
Was on which side of twenty?
A shapely shoe, a foot to fit
Indeed was one of beauty.
I dream she was, who trod in it,
The soul of faith and duty.

Did that shoe move along the ways
To light heart-beatings tripping?
Or did it ever slip her grace
On orange peelings slipping?
Or has it upon rainy days
Allured the eye of Gawkins,
And did it shine to win his praise
In glory of striped stockings?

"Ho, exile from a foreign shore!
Pause if thou wilt and answer,
The owner of this number two,
Oh, was she number one, six?
"Ye, boss, dat dar my darter's shoe;
De little leet's done for in
De very mornin'; 'bleeged to you,
Boss, for to come across it!"

Yankee Boys in Ceylon:
OR,
THE CRUISE OF THE FLYAWAY.

BY C. D. CLARK.

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS," "BOD
AND RIFLE," "CAMP AND CANOE," ETC.I.—THE FLYAWAY AT SEA.—THE CINGALESE
PILOTS.

The scene opens on the spicy shores of the Indian seas, and a beautiful topsail schooner, under easy sail, is seen running through the bright sea at racing speed, winged out to catch every breath of air which came from the west. A schooner perfect in every line, a model of beauty, grace, and speed. She was yacht built, after the American model; which is to say, she had great breadth of beam, and was calculated to carry a great spread of canvas. Her prow was as sharp as a knife blade, and cut through the water with a hissing sound. Her canvas, as we have said, was remarkably heavy for so small a craft, but she stood up under it bravely, and showed every quality of a good sea boat. She was painted black, with a red stripe, and white ports. Without intending to fight, she carried two small brass six-pounders forward, kept bright and clean by the crew, who petted the guns, and talked of what they would do if they met a Malay pirate in the narrow seas beyond Indo-China, where they meant to go after they had proved themselves hunters amid the jungles of Ceylon, for which island they were headed.

The crew were neatly dressed—blue pants, wide at the bottom, in true sailor style; close-fitting "Guernseys," or jerseys, so called, and jackets of the same color, slashed with white. Upon the breast of the shirt a large capital "F" was worked in white. They wore Scotch caps with the word "Flyaway" worked upon the band. The crew were ten in number, and evidently able seamen chosen for their skill in navigation. But with them, at present, we have little to do, but turn to the officers, who are all on deck.

They are four in number and wear uniforms very much like those of the American navy, bearing respectively the insignia of captain, first lieutenant, second lieutenant, and sailing-master. The captain is a young man not over twenty-two, with a handsome, sunburned face, large gray eyes, and curling brown hair. His figure is stalwart, and he is evidently a hard customer to meet in a close grapple. This is Richard Wade, owner and commander of the schooner Flyaway, New York, bound on a cruise of adventure in the eastern seas.

The "first" and "second" are his brothers; you can see that at a glance. The same bright, expressive eyes, curling brown hair and strong build, although "Ned" is only nineteen and "Will" a year younger.

The sailing-master is a man about forty-five years of age, and every inch a sailor. His closely-cut hair is getting gray, and his face, by long exposure to the sun and wind, has become tanned to the color of mahogany. His hands, from long use in the rigging and at the wheel and oar, are curved inward, and it is almost impossible for him to open them entirely. In person he is short, but his shoulders are those of a Hercules, and no man, after being once in the grip of sturdy Captain Wade Sawyer, ever "battered" after another hug.

"Keep her north-east by east, you at the wheel!" growled Captain Wade. "Captain Wade, if we don't have a sooner before long, then I don't know anything of the Injin seas."

"The Flyaway can stand it, Dave," replied Richard Wade.

"I reckon she can," was the reply. "There ain't a boat of her inches, if I do say it, that is a patch alongside of this yacht. It did my old heart good to see her walk away from that steamer when we came out of Cape Town. Give me the right wind, and all the pots and kettles in creation can't beat the Flyaway."

"The wind is going down," remarked Ned, looking up at the sails, which no longer filled. "Are we going to have a calm?"

"Maybe so and maybe not," answered the sailing-master, casting a quick glance over the lee rail. "At you Flyaways—jump! Stand by to take in sail!"

"Take in sail!" cried Ned, in astonishment. "We'd better to send up the kites and 'balloons' instead."

"Captain Wade," demanded the sailing-master, "what shall I do, since this young man chooses to interfere?"

"Do as you think right, Dave. At the same time, I don't think Ned meant to interfere with you."

"Not at all; but it looks as if we were going to have a calm, instead of a storm," Ned explained.

"You won't have long to wait before you are satisfied on that point," returned Dave Sawyer. "Down with the mainsail and secure

all! Be lively, my lads; jump, if you strain blood vessels."

The men sprung to the work with a will, and in less than ten minutes, under their quick and skillful hands, the mainsail was down and secured, the foresail close-reefed, and the Flyaway moved slowly through the water, under close-reefed foresail and storm jib.

"I guess she will stand that," muttered the sailing-master. "Now, Ned, my boy"—turning to the first lieutenant—"maybe I spoke a little sharp just now, but I know these seas better than you. We are going to have a buster."

"There is a boat," cried Will. They were miles from land, and yet, close upon them, a small light boat was leaping over the waves toward them. She was built something like an Indian canoe, sharp at both ends, and had a small triangular sail. But that was carried down now, and the two men in the boat were using their paddles, sending their light craft flying through the water at every stroke. They had seen the Flyaway and were heading for her.

"Hail them!" suggested Richard. "A pilot will be a good thing for us, if there is danger."

"No need to hail them," replied the sailing-master. "They are coming as fast as they can."

The boat was now so near that they could see the brown and nearly naked bodies of the Cingalese as they worked at the paddles. A moment more, and the boat lay close to the side of the schooner, and a straight, supple form bounded upon deck, and placing his hands upon his forehead, made a low obeisance.

"Let the sahibs listen to the words of their slaves!" he spoke in the sweet persuasive voice which seems to be an attribute of the Hindoo race. "A dark cloud hangs over them which will envelop and destroy them. Darkness will surround them; the breath of the tempest will suck them in."

"Oh, give us a rest," replied Dave Sawyer, who understood the language of the Cingalese. "Does all that, bein' interpreted, mean that we are going to have a wind?"

"The Sahib Captain has heard the words of his devoted slave, and he has seen the dark cloud in the sky."

"Modo, you rascal!" cried Dave, suddenly. "How came you here?"

This was addressed to the second native who was just climbing over the rail. The moment he saw Dave Sawyer he joined his hands over his head, and plunged headforemost into the sea.

"Call him back, the blasted thief," roared Sawyer. "Does the cuss think that a native-born American sailor holds a grudge forever? Tell him to come back; I won't hurt him."

The man who was on deck shouted to his friend as his head appeared above the waves, in a tongue unknown to the young men. At first he seemed averse to returning, and appeared rather inclined to trusting to his powers as a swimmer to getting into the hands of Dave Sawyer. But, after a while, hesitating back slowly, climbed into his boat, and again appeared on deck, his dark hair dripping with salt water.

"Now, ain't you a nice bird, Modo?" sneered Sawyer. "Don't you think I ought to run you up on the main sheet and leave you dangling there?"

The man, a wily specimen of the native Cingalese, prostrated himself upon the deck at the feet of Sawyer.

"Modo is at the feet of the Captain Sahib," he whined. "He is as the dust of the earth before him, for him to tread upon. Your slave has been in darkness, overpowered by the snares of the insidious. He was blown about as chaff before the wind, and did not know which way to turn, when, in an evil hour, the tempter came and led him away from so good and noble a master."

"Oh, you skunk! Who tempted you to steal my best gun, and run away with my ship's dingy?"

"The evil spirit had power over the heart of Modo in that unhappy hour."

"Well, get up, you thief of the world. I won't say any more about it, though I promised to tan your hide the first time we met."

The man arose with a peculiar look upon his face. Of all wily vagabonds, none can equal those strange people, and they consider it a part of their duty to spoil the Egyptians in every possible way. But they had to deal with a man who understood them, and would be on his guard against them, and they knew it.

"The skunks won't try to fool me, captain," declared the sailing-master. "They know old Dave Sawyer, and that I will take the skin off their backs if they try any games upon me. Here, Modo, you rascal, are we going to have a gale?"

"A terrible one, sahib."

"From what direction?"

Modo lifted his hand and pointed to the north-east.

"Just as I thought, and I am afraid I can't clear the coast. Now see here: when the wind comes I am going to run before it, and depend upon you to take me safe through the reefs. Can you do it?"

"The Captain Sahib knows that Modo is the best pilot in Ceylon."

"All right. I am going to trust you, but I tell you now that if you play any games on me, get the schooner ashore or anything of that sort, I am going to knock you on the head before we go down. I am a man of my word; remember that."

The man said nothing, but walked off to the main at the wheel.

"Mo pilot," he said, in execrable English. "Big good pilot, too. You mind me, Sahib Saloor."

"Not just yet, Modo. When I put the schooner in your hands you shall know it," interrupted Sawyer.

"Wind come now, sahib," declared the Cingalese, pointing to the north-east again.

Every eye followed the direction of his finger, and saw, far away in the distant horizon, what appeared to be a dark wall, rolling rapidly across the waves. In the midst of this wall, and above it, numberless dark spots could be seen, hurried to and fro by some mighty power.

"That is the wind!" cried Sawyer. "I'm mighty glad we stripped that fellow off his back, but it is no use. They are trying to make head against it, but it is no use. They make a terrible fuss in a wind like this. Steady, you at the wheel; help him, Barker."

One of the best among the men stepped to the wheel, and took his place with the man already there. They knew well that in these terrible winds the wheel has been literally torn from the hands of a single man, and the ship sunk before they could do anything to avert the calamity.

"Hold hard all!" shouted Sawyer. "Here it comes, flying light."

The black wall rushed up rapidly, with a

rush and roar like that of a thousand demons suddenly released. The sky turned black about them, and myriads of sea-birds, hurried forward by the mighty gale, passed all around and through the rigging, screaming out their fear.

The schooner received the first terrible stroke of the tempest a little on her quarter, and went over like a top; but the men at the wheel over her a little, and she righted, and the wind whistling through her rigging, and every spar bending to the blast. But the Flyaway was built of staunch material, and the tapering masts, although they bent like reeds, stood the test! One of the Cingalese covered and whimpered under the lee sail, but Modo, thief and vagabond as he was, was staunch and true. An hour passed and they saw before them the long dark line which indicated land.

"The schooner is yours, Modo," now remarked the sailing-master. "If you take her safe through the reefs, I will give you the choice of five good rifles. If you fail—you know what will happen!"

Modo sprung upon the lee rail in spite of the dashing spray, and looked out ahead. Before them ran a long line of breakers, and toward these the Flyaway was going like a race-horse. But the dark face of Modo showed no fear. He had spoken to the men at the wheel, and given them the signals for "port," "starboard," and "anchors," for no voice could have been heard at the distance of five feet in that awful wind. Through the line of breakers ran a dark seam no wider than a man's hand, and through this opening the Cingalese meant to take the schooner. They had little hope of safety, but beyond the breakers the shore was seen, and there was a chance of life by swimming. The bow of the beautiful schooner rose into the air, and at the same moment the right hand of the pilot was lifted.

"Port! it is!" he howled.

The helm went over and the schooner plunged into the dark line. A moment later, when she seemed rushing upon a black rock which could be seen when the surge went down, Modo raised his left hand.

"Starboard! it is!"

For one terrible moment she dashed on, and all expected to hear the keel crash upon the rocks, when suddenly the Cingalese leaped down with both hands raised above his head.

"Helm! midships! it is!"

The schooner glided out of the dangerous breakers into the comparatively calm waters beyond, and at a signal the anchors went down to the coral reefs below and there clung.

The schooner swung in toward the shore, the fore-sail and jib went down, and there she lay, prepared to ride out the terrible storm. Modo had earned his pardon.

Cupid at a Farm-house.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

WISTFUL eyes, as darkly blue as the violets that were growing under the oaks in Mrs. Garland's old-fashioned flower-garden; pale and pink cheeks, smooth as velvet, and one of them deeply dimpled; a tender, sensitive mouth, slightly compressed as the girl waited—it seemed an eternity—for the words that were to decide her fate.

At least, it seemed to her that Mrs. Garland's words were to decide her fate; fortune had been so unkind, destiny had tossed her hither and yon so mercilessly in those last two years, since Selwyn Richards had coldly accepted his dismissal from her angry, passionate lips, and gone forever from the life he had brightened and glorified the day.

She had regretted it a thousand times—nay, rather, she had regretted the pride and wrath that had driven her lover from her but once—once long ceaseless misery of regret; and now, as she stood, leaning so heavily against the chair in Mrs. Garland's old-fashioned parlor, with the scent of lilacs coming in gusts of fragrant perfume through the windows—standing there Jessie Hunt thought that but for her passionate pride and impetuous anger she would not have been standing before this placid-faced old lady, and pinning her hopes on whether or not she was to be accepted or rejected as a member of Mrs. Garland's little household.

But for that unlucky episode in her life, only two years ago, when everything was recolored to her, and Fortune smiled dazzlingly, and Hope's fairest, sweetest flowers strewn her path thickly, Jessie would have been Selwyn Richards' wife, instead of negotiating for a paid position in Mrs. Garland's family, in personal response to an advertisement she had seen that same morning in the *Herald*; but for that—and the regret was all the keener to know that it was her own fault—she would have been wandering in foreign lands with her darling—dreaming sweet, real dreams of love under blue skies than her native ones, and seeing all the lovely enchantments he had pictured to her in that happy time.

The pain caught her heart as if a relentless iron hand were grasping it; and then Jessie straightened her slight, girlish figure with a will and a haughtiness that showed how brave, yet determined she was to accept her fate, and walk in the path Fortune's finger pointed out.

Mrs. Garland's pleasant voice broke the thread of reverie:

"I think I will be suited with you, Miss Hunt—you are sure the position will not be too much of a demand upon your strength. There are but two in the family when my son is home, which has not been for several months, and no one but myself and the hired help during his frequent absence. I would expect you to assist in the pleasant part of the house-keeping—lighten my own cares a little—be just what a daughter would be—go with me on social visits, and help entertain my guests. I am sure I shall love you, if you will allow me."

The placid, faded eyes looked kindly through the gold-rimmed glasses, and the girl's own sweet violet ones moistened—she who had been the caressed child of wealth and fashion only two years ago—who for so long a time had not heard such words of true, disinterested kindness.

"If I will allow you!" Oh, Mrs. Garland, if you will only let me stay. I will do all I can to please you! If you knew how I longed for just such a home as this—peaceful, happy, secluded."

Mrs. Garland looked at her, kindly inquiring:

"Has the world been so cruel to you already, child, that you want to seek a retreat in an old-fashioned country farm-house in the Delaware valley?"

Jessie's eyes kindled for a second—just a second—while it seemed so strange for any one to question her. Then she bowed her head gravely.

"I have seen trouble, Mrs. Garland."

And the old lady knew as well as if an angel had told her that Jessie Hunt's "trouble" was nothing of which there was need to be ashamed.

And that was how Jessie Hunt came to be an inmate of the Garland farm-house in the lovely April weather; that was the beginning of the new, quiet life that was bringing healing to her heart, that was making Mrs. Garland think that her presiding genius had been very good to her in sending such a darling as Jessie to share her lonely, plentiful home.

It was early in the autumn that the smallest shadow of a disturbing event crossed the quiet routine of life at the Delaware farm-house—life so quiet and placid that at times Jessie had to rush out of the house into the woods, down by the mill-stream—anywhere, so she might drown the voices of her past—that she might crush down the well-remembered melody of dance music she had kept time to, on Selwyn Richards' arm, with his eyes on hers, and whispers of adoring passion on his lips.

Yet, for all these paroxysms of rebellious remembrance, the days were bringing healing—not to the girl's love-wound; that would never be cured, but to her impatience and discontent.

And then, one day Mrs. Garland came home from the village, with her dear old face all aglow with proud delight, and Jessie smiled in sympathy, though in ignorance, as she looked up from her sewing—a cap she was making for Mrs. Garland.

"Jessie, what do you think? My son is coming home! He will be here to-night—and not a slice of cream-cake in the house, and he so fond of it! Put up the sewing, dear, and we'll go down in the kitchen and toss up a cake."

Jessie folded the foamy lace trifle carefully away.

"How you love him, Mrs. Garland! And I know he must be a good boy to deserve such a mother."

Mrs. Garland folded her Paisley carefully, with a smile on her face.

"As good a son as ever mother had, Jessie. Hardly a boy—why, did you think he was a boy? He is a man, dear—thirty-three next Christmas!"

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Jessie's eyes opened in surprise. She certainly had thought of him as a boy—what very little thought she had bestowed on him at all. And a gentleman to intrude on the even tenor of their lives! It made her cheeks flush with pain, at the memories that came surging over her. Then she rebuked herself sternly for her selfishness, and determined to do penance.

"You must remember you never have called him anything but 'your boy' and 'your son,' Mrs. Garland, so that I even do not know his name. Shall I see that the west room is aired and put in order, Mrs. Garland? And I will gather some late flowers after we make the cream cake."

Down in the big, sanded-floor kitchen grand preparations were instantly inaugurated; eggs, butter, cream, vanilla vanished like magic; chickens were caught, killed and made ready for the savory broil that should tempt the traveler's appetite; the table was spread with its dainty linen, its burnished, old-fashioned silver, its diamond-bright crystal, and in low glass saucers Jessie arranged glistening ivy leaves and scarlet geranium blooms.

Then Mrs. Garland bustled away to change her dress for the stiff silver-gray silk she always wore on festive occasions, and Jessie, in her own room, was mechanically brushing her hair, thinking how old and faded and listless she had grown—she who, two years ago, had thought a flirtation the spiciest thing imaginable, and who, on account of a flirtation, had quarreled with Selwyn Richards.

Yet, notwithstanding her opinion of herself, she looked fair as a maid would wish to see, in her white pigee dress and wide scarlet sash, with a rose and a leaf in her hair, a smile, half tears, in her lovely, wistful eyes.

Mrs. Garland came rustling in, all joyous excitement.

"My dear child, how lovely you are! I really hope my boy will fall in love with you!"

Jessie's face paled.

"Oh, Mrs. Garland, don't please don't think of such a thing, never! There—the carriage is coming! I can see a gentleman inside—it is Mr. Garland!"

Mrs. Garland laughed outright.

"Why, child, didn't I ever tell you his name wasn't Garland? He's my first husband's child—Oh, it is he—my boy—my dear boy!"

She went down-stairs, and Jessie, with thoughtful delicacy, turned away that she might not witness the meeting between mother and son after so long an absence.

The parlor-door closed on the two, and Jessie, with a strange feeling of loneliness, turned toward the window again—she was no longer needed—one near and dear had come, and she—the old, bitter memories rushed over her like a flood; the sounds of the waltzes she had kept time to when she was happy came tantalizingly to her; remembrances were crowding around her as they did when she had to fly from the stillness of the old house, that now urged her to rush out and seek relief in rapid motion.

Her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her splendid eyes were downy as she went swiftly, silently down the stairs, hearing the low murmur of voices in the parlor, thinking, with fresh acuteness, how *de trop* she would be in the house after this, and just then the parlor-door opened, and Mrs. Garland came out, followed by a tall, handsome gentleman, with a thoughtful almost sad expression in his dark eyes, that disappeared, as at a wave of a fairy wand, as he caught a glimpse of her, and sprang past his mother, and caught her eagerly in his arms.

"Jessie! Jessie, my darling! Is it possible!"

While, pale as the dress she wore, the girl could only gasp his name:

"Mr. Richards!"

Mrs. Garland stood like one petrified, staring through her gold-rimmed glasses until speech returned to her astonished lips.

"Well, did I ever! It seems to me you are very well acquainted with each other. How on earth did it happen?"

Selwyn Richards' arm was around Jessie's trembling form, pressing her reassuringly to his side; and his handsome face was pale with emotion as he smiled at his mother.

"Jessie and I were engaged once—and we are engaged now—yes, darling! This is indeed a welcome home—wife and mother, too!"

And, with her face hidden on his breast, Jessie tried to realize the happiness that had come to her so unexpectedly, so like a page out of a romance.

Mrs. Garland was more than content at the condition of affairs, while Jessie learned she was not exactly *de trop* in the family, after all!

"What should a man do," asked a gentleman of a lady, "when he has an opportunity to correspond with a charming woman, but, being a bachelor, is a little afraid of such business?" "I should say to him, do write," answered the lady.

ON THE BEACH.

BY FRANK FENTON.

She stood on the beach, a maiden fair,
Gazing far out on the dreamy sea;
While the zephyrs played with her golden hair,
And the waves at her feet rippled merrily.

She saw the white sails that went flitting by
On the far-off horizon fade away;
And heard the harsh note of the sea-gull's cry,
As he homeward winged his way.

She thought of her lover far out on the deep—
Of the perils and dangers of shipwreck and storm;
And a prayer went up to Heaven, to keep
Her darling one from all harm.

The sun went down, and the stars shone bright,
And a stillness filled the air;
And the queen of night shed down her light
On the maiden standing there.

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

THEY have a very humorous writer on the Cincinnati *Enquirer* who does up the base-ball matter for that paper, and a very gossipy, readable column he makes, too. Of late, however, he has had "goose" on the brain, and he has run that term under a variety of changes. Recently he said:

"The St. Louis Browns introduced their goose to the Cincinnati people last Thursday—a week ago—and it seemed to be reliable. We had goose again to-day—good, nice, fat Chicago goose. Goose every Thursday seems to be on the bill of fare."

Now, this "goose-egg" business amounts to very little, provided your adversaries are not allowed to win by too high a figure. The Chicago nine could only win their last two games in Cincinnati by 6 to 0 and 5 to 0, and that is doing well for such an experimental team as the "Reds" have.

"Chicago" has a demoralizing effect on a nine, and it should be prevented. At one time it was rather creditable to a nine's reputation to be "Chicagoed," but now, in these days of a swift, accurate, curved-line delivery of the ball and of splendid fielding support, it is no longer so.

Of course, when one side scores a nest of goose-eggs and the other marks their score with double figures, the situation is a little different. But when the winning nine is kept down to small single figures, a "Chicagoing" should not hurt the feelings of the defeated party. Games marked by 1 to 0, 2 to 0, and even 3 to 0, are no discredit to the losing side.

The Chicago club have closed their series with the Cincinnati club, and have won their ten games in succession. They have also closed their regular series with the Louisville, winning nine out of ten. The records are appended:

WITH CINCINNATI.

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